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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Selections from the American Poets, with some Introductory Remarks. 12mo. pp. 357. Dublin, 1834, Wakeman; London, Simpkin and Marshall, and Groombridge; Edinburgh, Frazer and Co.

This is an interesting volume, as it contains specimens of what has been achieved in poetry by many of our brethren on the other coast of the ocean. With the preface, however, we can by no means agree; and we consider it to be a pity that such a collection should not have been introduced to the world by a very different and able essay on the subject of American poetry and poets. Many of the latter whose names and productions appear in this book have received from us that attention which was due to them, whether published in England, or, in the kind fellowship of literature, sent to us from their native birth-place. Our task is, therefore, reduced in extent; and, when we have said a few words on the prefatory "remarks," one or two quotations will suffice to illustrate it.

"We shall perceive (says the editor, in endeavouring to account for the non-appearance of any great epic work in America), from examining the situation of the American people, that it is less attributable to a dearth of poetic talent than to a combination of circumstances prejudicial to its development; and we shall perhaps conclude, from an inspection of the specimens here collected, that American intellect is not incapable of producing poetry of a very high order, and of adapting its energies to the successful prosecution of even the most difficult enterprises of imaginative genius." But two pages on he refutes his own hypothesis, and expresses a hope "that these specimens will not be uninteresting to the poetry of a country where the elements of visible nature afford altogether a different local habitation for the poet's thoughts. The wide prairie, with its 'wild flock that never needs a fold'—the 'world of lakes,' with its bright expanse of waters—the high-roads of the future commerce of the world, where the navies of the earth might struggle for disputed possession, but where now,

With tawny limbs,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urges on his skiff, like wild bird on the wing."

the interminable wood, with its savage inmates and aboriginal population, where

"The forest here, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe, and tall,
And seemed with glorious scars,
Walks forth amid his reign to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear,"—

the legendary lore and romance of Indian life—the savage exploits of Indian warfare—the characteristics of their different tribes—the fierce valour of the Peguods, the terror and scourge of the early colonists—the number and strength of the Moheicans, Pokanokets, and Narragansetts, and the mystic superstitions of the Iroquois. The tide, again, of emigration, rushing with all the indomitable force of human enter-

prise into the hitherto impregnable fastnesses of nature's wild domains, to haunts where stood the Indian hamlet—

'Look now abroad! another race has fill'd
These populous borders—wide the wood recesses,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters: the full region leads
New colonies forth that tow'rd the western seas,
Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees,

such themes as these, it is hoped, will be found more than an adequate exchange for the tamer beauties of a less luxuriant and various climate, and an over-civilised and cultivated land."

Why, here are all the elements of the greatest poetry set above those which belong to countries where the most immortal works have been produced! Here are a multitude of meet nurses for poetic children; and we cannot understand how the writer fancies he has maintained his first quoted position. But, in truth, it is parrot-reasoning, not reason—a mathematical "introduction" of X.Y.Z. instead of A.B.C. Nothing is more certain than that the poet is born, not made; but if external circumstances have, as they really have, a strong influence in developing the heaven-given faculty, where could it receive more potent excitement than in the new world, with its primeval and gigantic forests, its wildernesses untrod by the foot of man, its rivers of so interminable a course that the navigator might fancy the order of nature was reversed and they never reached the sea, its boundless prairies, and its romantic and heroic aborigines? These might inspire poetry in a Crockett or Uncle Jonathan; and it is absurd to talk of American genius being repressed by any "combinations prejudicial to its development." But the fact is, that America has done enough to vindicate her imaginative and creative character. She is but half a century old herself,—and it is not half centuries that produce Homers, Virgils, Dantes, Tassos, Camoens, Goethes, Spensers, and Miltons. Let us bide our time, and we shall see. The civilised earth is very apt to average itself every where and in every way.

Again, the writer says at his close, in favour of the poems he has selected, and again we are at issue with his argument,—“While any one of them will be found more or less to participate in the common advantages and disadvantages of a new country, and an infant literature, all, it is trusted, will be equally judged to be worthy of the praise of talent of no inferior order; and the editor would express the hope that the unprejudiced reader will not be slow to feel and admit that this work has added to the sterling poetical literature of the English language.”

How should it occur that the very mention of "the English language" did not remind the writer that the literature of America was no more "infant" than that language, all whose stores are unlocked to the American, as to the Briton, with the milk he draws from his mother's breast? Is Shakespeare less known in New York than in York; or Pope less read in

Boston, Massachusetts, than in Boston, Lincolnshire? Nay, are the volumes of Moore, Scott, or Byron, to be found more frequently in Cunnemara than Kentucky? We guess not; and would go the whole hog on the contrary. But farewell to criticising this mere prose "something by way of," when something very excellent might have been, and would have been, done, had not the getting out of publications for the market so generally superseded the production of sterling literature.—We shall now enumerate the authors who furnish the pleasant chaplet, and present our readers with two of their pieces, which we choose because they are most American and least English.

The contributions are levied on Bryant, nearly 50 pages; Dana, above 30; J. G. Percival, about 30; Brainard, 10; Lydia Sigourney, 15; H. W. Longfellow, 10; J. Pierpont, 10; Willis, 20; Whittier, 8; Peabody, 8; Lucretia Davidson, 7; Halleck, 4; Wilcox, 7; Norton, 3; Sprague, 2; Hillhouse, 8; M'Lellan, jun., Doane, J. Neal, H. Pickering, R. Dawes, Mrs. Hale, Irving, S. Graham, Paulding, Everett, Mellen, Rockwell, S. Woodworth, Mrs. Gilman, Lewis, Louisa Smith, Dwight, Hannah Gould, Eastburn, Flint, Goodrich, Thatcher, Nichols, and Eckhard, each a page or two; and the rest anonymous.

From the latter we select our examples, and with them recommend the volume to the public as one of much literary and poetical interest.

"Geshale: an Indian Lament.

The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gaily as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er our mountains as beamy a light.
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track.
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird, and each beast, it is blessed in degree—
All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay—
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

The snake-skin, that once I so secretly wore,
I will toss with disdain to the storm-beaten shore:
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke;
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light;
I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves;
And will take a new Manitó—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

O, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-coloured stain;
Red—red shall alone on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak-bow;
By night and by day I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows—
His blood can alone give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven's way was black;
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track;
But I saw, by the light of their blazing fuses,
They were people engender'd beyond the big seas:
My wife and my children—O, spare me the tale!
For who is there left that is kin to Geshale!"

* The Columbiad is able, but not immortal. Others, if they exist, have not impressed our memoir. Ed. L. G.

"Philip of Mount Hope."

Away! away! I will not hear
Of aught but death or vengeance now;
By the eternal skies, I swear
My knee shall never lean to bow!
I will not hear a word of peace,
Nor grasp in friendly grasp a hand
Linked to the pale-browed stranger race
That work the ruin of our land.

Before their coming, we had ranged
Our forests and our uplands free—
Still let us keep unsoiled, unchanged,
The heritage of liberty.
As free as roll the chainless streams,
Still let us roam our ancient woods;
As free as break the morning beams
That light our mountain solitudes.

Touch not the hand they stretch to you;
The falsely proffered cup put by;
Will you believe a coward true?
Or taste the poison-draught to die?
Their friendship is a lurking snare,
Their honour but an idle breath;
Their smile—the smile that traitors wear;
Their love is hate, their life is death!

Plains which your infant feet have roved,
Broad streams you skimmed in light canoe,
Green woods and glens your fathers loved—
Whom smile they for, if not for you?
And could your fathers' spirits look
From lands where deathless verdure waves,
Nor curse the craven hearts that brook
To barter for a nation's graves?

Then raise once more the warrior-song,
That tells of deadly and death are nigh;
Let the loud summons peal along,
Rending the arches of the sky.
And till your last white foe shall kneel,
And in his coward pangs expire,
Sleep but to dream of brand and steel—
Wake but to deal in blood and fire!"

In concluding, we may notice that an appropriate and befitting compliment is paid to our own sweet and musical Hemans, by the dedication of these distant strains to her.

Burford Cottage, and its Robin-Redbreast. By the Author of "Keeper's Travels." 12mo. pp. 476. London, 1835, Tegg and Son; Dublin, Tegg and Co.; Sydney, Teggs; Glasgow, Griffin.

ONE has heard the quaint old saying, "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs;" implying that it was presumptuous in youth and inexperience to attempt to dictate to years and wisdom. But it is no uncommon thing with us to find books addressed to juvenile readers possessed of so much superior information, and placed in so acceptable a light, that persons of all ages, even up to grandmothers, may be very beneficially taught by them to suck eggs (or, what is better, such knowledge, both white and yolk), to their great edification and enjoyment. Such a production we expected from the author of "Keeper's Travels;" and such a production is the *Robin-Redbreast of Burford Cottage*.

Setting out with a natural description of rural life—a commencement always beautiful and grateful to human sense—Mr. Kendal introduces us to his *dramatis personæ*, Mr. and Mrs. Paulett and their son and daughter, Hartley, a great traveller, Schoolmaster Gubbins and his family, Cobbler Dykes, and others; and, above all, to *Robin*, the hero of the tale. Linked to his adventures, observations, and accounts of the same, this pleasant volume proceeds to furnish interesting matter on a vast variety of subjects, drawn equally from reading and intelligent views of the passing world. We shall merely mention a few of these—New Holland, its natural history, &c.; ancient philosophy and customs; the interior of Africa and the negro race; astronomy, comets, nebulae, &c.; animal instincts; portions of entomology; Persians and fire-worship; Mohammedans, their history and creed; literature, morals, natural philosophy, and religious duties. Hoping that these heads, and our sincere praises of the work, will recommend it to as general and de-

served popularity as its predecessor, "Keeper," we shall resort to only a few brief extracts to approve our opinion and enforce our recommendation. And first of the name of the hero—"why do they call a Robin 'Robin'?"

"Emily lost no time in putting her question to her papa; but the latter began his reply by confessing that he was not sure he could explain the application of the name of 'Robin,' though he had his suspicions (he subjoined) as to the real origin. 'But first,' said he, 'you must remember, that it has been a practice all over the world to use familiar names for animals, either proper names or descriptive ones, in speaking either to them or of them. The Swedes call the Redbreast *Tommi Liden*; the Norwegians, *Peter Ros-mad* (or Redbreast); and the Germans, *Thomas Gierdet*. As to descriptive names, the Arabs call a number of animals by the name of 'fathers,' while, by this, they only mean that they are of a gray colour, or coloured like the heads and beards of aged or gray-headed men; and it is thus that you and your schoolfellows,' said he to Richard, 'call a certain large gray fly, of the goat kind or figure, by the name of 'Father Longlegs;' for all the gnats are gray.' 'But all fathers,' said Richard, 'have not gray heads nor beards? You have none yourself, papa?' 'The term 'father,' however," observed Mr. Paulett, 'is also applied generally to aged men; and, besides, all fathers are old, as compared with boys and girls. But you know that you also make the addition of 'Old Father Longlegs;' an epithet which may either imply that the insect is 'old,' because it is a 'father;' or, that this is an 'old father,' because it is gray, while other fathers are young. But so much as to familiar and descriptive names of animals. With respect to proper ones (as *Meg*, or *Mag*, or *Margery*, or *Margaret*, for a pie or piet, and this of *Robin* for a Redbreast), there are many which might be mentioned; but I think that this of 'Robin,' which is the French diminutive of 'Robert,' has been given to the Redbreast as calling it, in fondness and respect, a fairy.' 'A fairy, papa?' cried Emily. 'Yes, my love, a fairy,' answered Mr. Paulett; 'and only in the best form of that fanciful idea; for I need not remind you, that in all your fairy tales and tales of the genii, which have the same meaning, you always read of fairies and genii both good and bad.' 'But, la! papa, why should they call a Redbreast a fairy,' still pursued the inquisitive Emily? 'A good fairy, because of the gentleness of the manners which we witness in it; because of its entering our houses like a little household god; because of its hanging about us in our walks along the hedge-rows or in the woods, like a little guardian spirit; because of the softness and noiselessness of its motions, and of the kindness, that is, the esteem which it seems to feel for us: for it receives so prettily, that we are almost as thankful as if it gave!' 'O papa,' said the now satisfied Emily, 'I shall love Robin better than ever, now that I think he is a fairy; though I know that fairies are all nonsense, and that there are no such things; but then it is so pretty to think and talk of them!' 'You are like my Cumberland shepherd; you are for pleasures of the eye and of the imagination, as well as for those that are more substantial. But, since you are so sensible a little girl, and by the help of your mamma, have so well learned that there are no such things as fairies in reality, though you must continually hear of them, either in the poetry of the learned, or in the superstitions of the ignorant; I may add, that I think Gray had some notion (though, perhaps, but indis-

tingently) of this fairy character of the Redbreast, where, in an omitted verse of his famous *Elegy*, he says,

'And little footsteps lightly print the ground;'

words which may seem to have a double allusion, one to the covering of the Children in the Wood with leaves, by the Robin-red-breasts; and the other to the fabled rings and dances of the fairies.' 'But why, papa,' said Richard, 'should even a fairy be called Robin or Robert?' 'I am not sure that I know,' replied Mr. Paulett, 'and therefore I will say nothing about that; but so it is, that this name implies a fairy throughout Europe: not the king of the fairies, Oberon; but the most active of them, sometimes called Robin Goodfellow, but who, under another aspect (for it is the same fairies who are good and bad), might also be called Robin Badfellow. As Goodfellow he does all manner of acts of kindness, and as Badfellow, every sort of mischief.' 'Then, papa,' continued Richard, 'he is the same as Puck, in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*?' 'He is,' returned Mr. Paulett; 'and he is the French *Robert le Diable*.' In the ancient history of Limerick, in Ireland, or so long ago as the twelfth or thirteenth century, there is an account of one Robin Artisan, a fairy who used to sweep the streets before day-light, only to steal the dirt, and carry it away for manure to the farm of a great lady in the neighbouring city; who, by the way, and as the story went, used to reward and compel him to his work of plunder by means of offerings of peacocks' eyes, and other enchantments; whence, at the least, we see that Ireland knew what it was to have peacocks, and knew the value of manure for its lands, even in the twelfth or thirteenth century, if no earlier! While, for the rest, Robin (meaning Robin the Fairy) is or was always the country name of any midnight robber or outlaw, particularly, or perhaps exclusively, if he were very active, and therefore mysterious, committing violence at several distant places within short spaces of time. There has been one of this sort and name, within a few years past, in Sweden; and I fancy that it was in this character that the celebrated robber and outlaw, the Earl of Huntingdon, obtained the name of Robin Hood. 'Robin Hood,' as I take it, is a name having exactly the same meaning as 'Hobgoblin,' which, in the opposite or bad sense, is the name of Puck or Goodfellow. 'Hob,' like Bob, and Robin, and Dobbin, is a contraction, or at least a change, for 'Robert;' and 'goblin' (though for reasons which it would be too long to tell you now) means one that wears a hood. Now, as the meteor which is sometimes called Jack o' Lantern, or Jack of the Lantern, is also called Will o' the Wisp, or Will of, or with the Wisp; so Robin Hood, as I imagine, signifies Robert of, or with, or in, the Hood; or Robin the Fairy, or Robert le Diable; or, by another term, Robert the Goblin.' 'Some persons very erroneously suppose, that by 'Puck' we are to understand 'Pug,' or 'a monkey;' and that the denomination is to be ascribed to 'Puck's' mischievous or wanton tricks; and others seem to fancy, that by 'Hobgoblin' we mean a hobbling or lame goblin; for which reason, perhaps, Le Sage's *Asmodeus* is a wooden-legged devil, or 'Le Diable Boiteux.' But of 'Hob,' and of 'Hobgoblin,' I have given you my opinion; and I believe that 'Puck,' like 'goblin,' implies the wearer of a hood. Puck, pug, poke, peak, are part of a whole string of words of which all have the same general meaning. Hoods have 'peaks,' or 'pokes,' or pointed ends, or ends drawn together, and

are themselves for that reason pucks, peaks, pugs, or pucks; as in the word 'pucker.' Gray calls his ladies, in the Long Story, 'the square hoods';* and Puck is a 'peaked hood' under the same idea. Only, in more simplicity and strictness, there is no occasion for the epithet; for every hood is 'peaked,' or is itself a peak, poke, puck, or pug. A monkey is called pug, and even monkey itself, only because the fur about his head and throat is likened to a hood, or puck, or pug; and because monkeys wear hoods or pucks he is therefore called monkey, or 'a little monk,' in the same manner that we have a flower called 'monk's-hood'; and as to a particular species of monkey, it has the name of capucin, or capuchin, from an order of monks likewise so denominated, and of which the hood is peculiarly conspicuous in their dress; or from this species only the whole genus may have come to be called monkeys. I repeat that I still leave untold why fairies, like monkeys (but not because they are likened to monkeys), are said to wear hoods, or pucks, and are thence called hoods, or pucks, or goblins. The reason is exceedingly different, but too long in its explanation to be told at present. Monkeys are called pucks or pugs upon account of a natural appearance in their forms; fairies are called pugs or pucks upon account of their imaginary dress. 'Hoods' or 'peaks' give the name in either case. 'I shall like to read about Robin Hood again,' said Richard, 'now that I hear that people believed or called him a fairy.'

A few pages on, the author tells us that the flower dahlia (so called from the German botanist Dahl) was introduced into England by Lady Castlereagh after the Congress of Vienna. In this we rather think he is mistaken; at any rate, the first we ever saw was brought to this country by M. Buonauti (Lord Holland's librarian), and cultivated at Holland House.

The following reference to animals in natural history is a fair specimen of the writer's talent and intelligence.

"I have heard (says the boy Paulett) that there are such very great tigers in Africa; and you know, papa, that we saw a 'royal African tiger' at Derby fair! 'Royal African tigers may very likely shew themselves at Derby fair,' answered Mr. Hartley, 'where, as at most other fairs, there may not only have been this, but many other wonders also which nature never owned; but I assure you, my dear young fair-goer, that there never was a tiger in all Africa, unless such an animal may have been brought thither on ship-board! I know very well, that naturalists, and even travellers, still talk of tigers as animals which are to be found in Africa; but I persist not at all the less in assuring you, that there is no tiger naturally in Africa; and I can safely add, that this is only one of many similar mistakes still current in natural history, and in the mouths of travellers. All these are still ready to tell us both of tigers and tiger-cats in Africa; but there is no tiger in Africa; and as to the tiger-cat, it is the wild 'cat-o'-mountain,' of which our domestic cats are fancied to be the descendants and varieties. The domestic cat is an original native of warmer climates than our own,—as, perhaps, is partly evinced by puss's extreme shyness of cold, and extreme fondness for sunshine and a fireside.' 'No tigers in Africa?' reiterated the still incredulous Richard. 'No,' continued Mr. Hartley; 'and to make you still wiser, I must tell you that the tiger belongs chiefly to India and China, and, at all events, is not to be found to the westward of the river Indus. It is a native of Asia only,

* "Cried the square hoods, in woful fidget."

and of only the eastern part of Asia. One of my proofs is, that in ancient Rome, to which all ferocious beasts were eagerly carried, to make their fights the entertainment of the people, the tiger (in spite of early Roman knowledge of much that belonged to Africa) was never seen till toward the latter days of the Roman empire, when, and not till when, Rome had opened a communication with India. The truth is, that all the animals of the cat kind (if, indeed, the tiger is properly a cat) are vulgarly spoken of together. Neither travellers nor naturalists take notice, that of these animals some (to advert to no other distinction) are striped, and some spotted. Now, it is the striped that are the tigers,—a distinction which, in part, justifies the application to the common wild cat of the name of tiger-cat; for the cat, as we all see, is more striped than spotted. But the tiger is separated from the spotted animals of the cat kind by a distinction added to that of his stripes. He cannot climb a tree, which is the privilege of every thing really catlike, and in his deficiency of which he shares with the lion. There is, in truth, a plain affinity between the tiger and the lion; and, as to my private opinion, I hesitate at placing either of those animals among the species of cats. 'And what, then, sir,' said Richard, 'are the spotted animals of the cat kind?' 'Speaking of the old world exclusively,' answered Mr. Hartley, 'they are the panther, leopard, and hunting or smaller leopard, called in Persia (of which country the language is radically the same as our own), *chitah*, *chetah*, *kittah*, *kitty*, *kit*, or *cat*. The panther is a native of Africa, and not, as I suspect (I speak advisedly), of any other country in the world; and the leopard is a native of western Asia, with, as I also suspect, equal exclusiveness of country. In short, though even the traveller whom I have quoted to you, and upon whom I rely for so many other particulars, tells us that there are in Africa, not only tigers and leopards, but also wolves, I do not believe that the country contains either a tiger, a leopard, or a wolf. I am of opinion, that in Africa the place of the tiger is filled by the lion; that of the leopard by the panther; and that of the wolf by the hyæna; and, in corroboration, I may remark, that even this very traveller, who, in prefacing the natural history of his work, candidly declares himself no naturalist,—even this traveller, though in the natural history of his work he gives the names of tiger, leopard, and wolf; yet, in his actual travels (while he speaks of the panther and the hyæna as seen by himself, and as hunted or dreaded by the natives), never finds occasion to speak either of tiger, leopard, or wolf. The geography of animals, indeed, as well as of plants, is a subject very little understood. I believe that something, however, has been already intimated at least to the world in relation to it from a quarter whence, perhaps, we may one day hear something more.' 'Our best natural histories seem to be still defective?' 'Assuredly they are.'

The subjoined remarks on instinct are sensible and good.

"I allow little or nothing more to instinct in the inferior animals than in man. I think that they are guided, first by their sensations, and next by their experience, just like men. It is certain that they can change their habits and practices with a change of circumstances and situation, just like men. It is true that they can change them only to a certain extent,—and this, also, is just like men. Instincts

are impulses and aptitudes operating without previous suggestion either of experience or reason. Now instincts, thus defined, have place in men no less than in the inferior animals, and in the inferior animals no more than in mankind; but the immeasurable advantages of the latter, under all other aspects, as compared with even the most sagacious of their inferiors, enables them to raise so vast a superstructure upon their instincts, and, as it were, to throw them so much out of sight, that at last they are prone to forget, both that they have themselves any instincts at all, and that the inferior animals have any thing in addition."

A story illustrates this:—

"A seaman, belonging to the wood-party of a ship upon the coast of Africa, had straggled with his companions, and was using his axe freely in the woods, when a large lioness approached him, face to face. The man, for the first moments, gave himself up for lost; but very soon afterward he began to perceive that the manner and expression of countenance of the lioness was mild, and even mournful, and that he had no danger to apprehend from her. She looked at him, and then behind her, and upward into the trees, and went a few steps from him upon the path by which she came; and then returned, and then went again, and acted, in short, much as a dog would act that wished you to follow him. The seaman yielded to her obvious desire, and she led him some little distance, till, near the foot of a tall tree, she stopped, and looked up, with plaintive cries, into its branches. The seaman, directed by her eyes and gestures, looked upward also, and soon discovered, at a considerable height, an ape, dandling and playing with a cub lion, which he had carried thither for his amusement. The wants and wishes of the lioness were now easily understood. The lion species, though usually reckoned among the species of cat, differ absolutely from it in this, as in many other particulars, that it cannot ascend a tree; a distinction, by the way, which ought to satisfy us at once of the error of those who talk to us of lions in America, where in reality there is no lion, and where the puma and jaguar, which they call lions, so readily ascend a tree. But equally in vain would it have been for the sailor to climb after the cub; for the ape, at the best, would have enjoyed the frolic of leaping with his plaything from branch to branch, or from tree to tree, as he approached. The only chance, therefore, was to fell the tree before the ape, seated near its top, should have the sagacity to provide against the effect of the strokes of the axe at its bottom. To work, therefore, he went—the lioness, which had seen other trees fallen by the axe of the stranger, standing by, and impatiently waiting the event. The ape kept his seat till the tree fell, and then fell with it; and the lioness, the moment the robber reached the ground, sprang upon him with the swiftness and sureness of a cat springing upon a mouse, killed him, and then, taking her cub in her mouth, walked contentedly away from the benefactor to whose skill and friendly assistance she had made her sorrowful appeal!" 'I can so much the more readily,' observed Mr. Gubbins, 'believe that even wild animals should put faith in the skill and helping disposition of mankind, as I have myself met with a few striking examples of that faith and expectation in domesticated species, to whose observation, however, the human arts and powers must be more familiar. A short time since I was riding over a common, at some distance from any house, when a pig—

which, in the course of feeding, had so twisted the triangular yoke upon his neck that the narrow portion of it pinched his throat and threatened him with suffocation—no sooner saw me, than he came as near as to the fore-feet of my horse, foaming at the mouth, and struggling to overcome his difficulty. That he believed in the power of a man to assist him was evident; but he had also his fears of that human power, as possibly more dangerous to his throat than all the pressure of his inverted yoke; so that whenever I alighted from my horse with the design of helping him he ran away, and yet, as soon as I was again seated, he returned, continuing to travel with me, close to the horse's fore-feet, or as near to my own person as he was able, his mouth still foaming, and his efforts to escape suffocation still prolonged. In the end, seeing a farm-house a little upon one side of my road, I pulled my bridle that way, the pig still accompanying me, till, reaching the yard-gate, I called to some of the people, and apprised them of the pig's presence and misfortune, as my best means of promoting his relief."

Towards the end, the author, we think, misconstrues the meaning of some portions of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, which he quotes (*particularly* p. 376, *et seq.*); but his observation on the beneficial effects of classic studies, and the baneful principles of the low and degrading school mis-called Utilitarian, which pretends to despise and labours to supersede them, are truly excellent. True it is, that "all the greatness, all the excellence which men possess, is a taught greatness, a cultivated excellence, the fruit of ages of teaching and cultivation, in union with the most fortunate circumstances; and that, when acquired, it is to be valued like the apple of our eye, guarded like gold in our coffers, and nursed and watched as what, if lost again, may, and by every probability never will be recovered! Have you seen the benighted neighbour, or have you seen the helmsman at the binnacle, who, amid gloom and storms, has obtained one little spark, or possesses one little flame of light or fire—his only hope amid cold and darkness—his only help to read his compass card, amid the wind and cold and darkness,—how he cherishes it—how he defends it—how he keeps it in the hollow of his hand—how he feeds it with his breath, and how he despairs of light, or warmth, or safety, if it should become extinguished? But just such is the light of classical learning—just such is what *Ossian* calls the light of the song; so should it be cherished, watched, expanded, preserved, and fanned into a flame; and just such should be our despair if we saw that vivifying light go out. Ignorant men among us seem to suppose that all we know is known by intuition; that, to find it, we need only look for it—and that, if lost, it can always be rediscovered. But, to quote to them only a single authority contrariwise—Milton, in his prose works, and while writing for the freedom of the press, is of opinion that a truth once lost, or once discovered and left unpublished, may thus be lost again for ever to nations and to ages. * * *

* Not to dwell (says Professor Sedgwick, and here quoted) on the strange errors in modern moral speculations, we may, I think, conclude that Utilitarian philosophy, wherever it is received or acknowledged, will teach man to think lightly of the fences which the God of nature has thrown around him, and so prepare him for violent and ill-timed inroads on the social system, and for the perpetration of daring crimes. Lastly, we may, I think, assert, both on reason and experience, that wherever the

Utilitarian system (avowedly based on a rejection of the moral feelings, and an abrogation of the law of conscience) is generally accepted, made the subject of *a priori* reasoning, and carried, through the influence of popular writings, into practical effect,—it will be found to end in results most pestilent to the honour and happiness of man."

We have only to add, that the descriptions of the cobbler's house and other localities are perfectly graphic; and that the Robin's own speculations on traps, being caught by the cat, and feeding or taking liberties with his human friends, are very true to nature and entertaining.

A Treatise on Mechanics, applied to the Arts; including Statics and Hydrostatics. By the Rev. H. Moseley, B.A. Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in King's College, London, &c. 12mo. pp. 350. London, 1835. Parker. Published under the direction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

A LARGER quantity of clear information and instruction compressed within the limits of an ordinary-sized duodecimo volume we have not met with; and we hasten to accord to Professor Moseley the well-earned tribute of our cordial approval. To persons not thoroughly versed in mathematics, and even to those who are ignorant of that sure light to science, this publication will be of infinite service; for, with due attention to it, a sufficing knowledge may be acquired of statics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics, not only in their principles, but in their application to mechanical arts. And without due attention, what can be learnt? Truly says the author in his preface:—

"The object of the work, then, is to make known to practical men, and others whom it may concern (and whom does it not concern?), those great principles which abstract science has shewn to determine the conditions of the equilibrium and the motion of material bodies subjected to the operation of force in all its modifications; and to do this, as far as it may be possible, by direct experiment, or by elementary reasoning directly founded upon experiment. The author is convinced that much sound and useful mechanical information may thus be communicated to those who have acquired no previous mathematical knowledge; and most valuable of all scientific knowledge as he holds that to be, yet does he think it in the highest degree desirable that all such scientific truths as admit of application to the wants of life, and of being soundly (that is, demonstratively) communicated, without reference to abstract principles, should so be communicated. At the same time, he begs to state, that he can offer a knowledge of the subject of which he is about to treat to no one who is not gifted with a certain share of intellectual aptness, and who does not possess an inquiring spirit,—a disposition to attend to that which is taught him, and an ability to think for himself. There is no method of acquiring sound scientific information without thought and persevering attention on the part of the student; and there is no other than sound information which can be useful, either as a discipline and high accomplishment of the mind, or as practically applicable in the arts. The business of philosophy is with the understanding. That knowledge is falsely and meretriciously called scientific knowledge, which is intended for the memory, and takes its standing there exclusively, and which, consisting in no real acquirements in any science, is commonly accompanied by great

presumption in all. This is a knowledge which can have no other earthly use than to enable men, by adroit management, to take a certain position in society as men of science to which they have no legitimate claim, and to make them egregiously vain of their success. The influence of the study of physical science, considered as a branch of general education, directed to the ultimate formation of character, is this, that it inspires in the student an abstract love of truth, whenever and wherever it is to be met with; an intense pleasure in the pursuit of it; and an insuperable contempt for sophistical reasoning and unfounded pretension. By dint of continually applying himself to the search, he at length comes to be possessed with an ardent love for the thing sought. And his efforts in the search of it go not unrewarded; he finds it with certain evidence, he is penetrated with its beauty, he stores it as a gem of inestimable price, and soon acquires correct ideas of his own power to develop it, together with an intuitive perception where it may be certainly found, and where not. When the ingenuous mind of youth has thus once been imbued with a true estimate of its own resources, and the humility which is ever the result of that knowledge with that unmeasured dislike for presumption and error, that indomitable love of truth, that passion for its investigation, and that unwearied patience in separating it from falsehood, which science never fails in a greater or less degree to give,—how does it go forth into the business of life? It may be deficient in that promptitude and readiness of wit which, although it have no sort of alliance with, and in fact seldom accompanies, sound intellectual endowments, may yet have its use, as passing current for them in society. This science may not give; but there are none of the high and honourable avocations of life for which such a discipline of the mind will not have abundantly prepared it."

With respect to the work thus introduced, we can honestly state that its leading feature is to make some of the results of exact science, which have a practical bearing, known to practical men, by means of popular illustration and the employment of the modern analytical method of reasoning. From such a treatise exemplary selection is almost impossible. The learned professor is very original in his theory of *Friction*; but we cannot do more than refer to it (page 43), as we have not the diagrams needful to explain it.

The *Wedge* is also admirably defined; and we can get an extract to bear upon this:—

"There is scarcely any instrument whose applications are more numerous than that of the wedge. Nails, awls, needles, axes, sabres, &c., all act on the principle of the wedge. As illustrative of the great power of the wedge, it may be stated that ships, when in dock, are easily lifted up by means of wedges driven under their keels. An engineer, who had built a lofty and heavy chimney for a furnace, found that, after a time, owing to the dampness of the foundation, it was beginning to incline. He succeeded in restoring it to its uprightness by driving wedges under one side. The resistance to the motion of a wedge depends not only upon the angle at its vertex, but on the depth to which it is driven, and, consequently, the extent of surface which sustains its pressure; and further, it depends upon the quantity by which the particles of the mass are displaced; for, being elastic, these particles will tend to come together with a force proportional to their displacement. These are all reasons why

a wedge is driven with difficulty when it is driven deep."

The theory of the *Arch*, with its references to ancient architecture, is both original and highly interesting. We copy a portion:—

"The first bridge was probably a tree which had fallen from one bank to the other of some mountain-torrent. The method of communication thus supplied by accident, men would soon learn to obtain for themselves by the rude resources of art; and ere long the opposite banks of rivers would come to be connected by means of timbers, or flag-stones, supported upon piers. The application of this notion of a bridge seems to have constituted the whole art of bridge-making up to a comparatively recent period in the history of mankind. Yet is it altogether inadequate to the passage of deep and rapid currents, and fatal to navigation. Accordingly, we find that the Egyptians, although they swarmed along both banks of the Nile, never built for themselves a permanent bridge across it. The Tigris, too, and the Euphrates, on whose banks dwelt that other enterprising and highly-polished nation of remote antiquity, the Chaldees, were bridgeless. And even in the age of Pericles, there was no stone bridge over the river Cephissus, at Athens. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention: there are certain matters in which she has been exceedingly slow in coming to the birth. The discovery of the arch is a memorable example. The Egyptians, Chaldees, and Greeks, were all admirable masons; yet they never learned how to make an arch. Of Europeans, the first who appear to have made the discovery were the Etruscans; and the earliest existing specimen of the arch is said to be found among the ruins of the Etruscan town of Volaterra. To the Chinese the secret of the arch appears to have been known from time immemorial. In fact, it is difficult to fix upon any useful contrivance which is not at present, in some degree, known to that singular people; or any period in history when they did not know it. They certainly used the arch long before it was thought of in Europe: it covers the gate-ways in their great wall; they availed themselves of it in the construction of monuments to their illustrious dead, and in the formation of their bridges. Kircher, in his *China Illustrata*, tells us of stone bridges in China three and four miles long, and an arch six hundred feet in span. From the Etruscans, the secret of the arch passed to the Romans, and was soon employed in the construction of bridges over the Tiber. Of these several remain; they are, however, but awkward specimens of the art of bridge-making. Their narrow arches are supported upon huge unsightly piers, which form a serious obstruction to the current; and they thus involve a principle of weakness in their very strength. The Romans have, nevertheless, left us, in other parts of their dominions, bridges of extraordinary strength and great beauty. Of these, that of Alcantara is perhaps the most remarkable: its road-way is 140 feet above the level of the stream which it crosses, and its arches 100 feet in span. It was built by Trajan; under whose reign was also erected a bridge over the Danube, of which many incredible things are told by Dion Cassius; and of which nothing is to be seen but, now and then, the foundation of a pier. He built it that he might conquer the Dacians; his successor destroyed it, that he might restrain their incursions into the empire. In those troublesome times which succeeded the fall of the Roman empire no bridges were built. Rivers were, for the most part,

passed by fords or ferries; these frequently became subjects of contention between neighbouring barons, or were taken possession of by outlaws; and travellers, in availing themselves of an insecure method of transfer, were subjected to the certainty of being heavily taxed, and the chance of being plundered. It was about the commencement of the twelfth century, that one Benezet, a cow-herd, appeared in the Cathedral of Avignon, and announced to the multitude a special mission from Heaven for the erection of a bridge over the Rhone at that city. By efforts little less than miraculous, this singular enthusiast contrived, in the course of a few years, to erect a bridge which, whether we consider it in reference to its enormous dimensions, or the local difficulties to be overcome in its construction, claims to be ranked among the most remarkable monuments that have ever been erected by the skill and ingenuity of man. Unfortunately, a flood of the Rhone carried it away. The labours of Benezet did not, however, altogether disappear with his bridge; he obtained a place among the saints of the Roman calendar, and became the founder of a religious order, called the Brethren of the Bridge, by whom some of the finest bridges in Europe have been erected. Of these, that of Saint Esprit on the Rhine, is not far short of a mile in length, and that called La Vieille Brioude, over the Allier, is a single semi-circular arch of 180 feet in span, and, until the erection of the Chester Bridge, which is 200 feet in span, the largest arch. Of the same date was the Old London Bridge, the work of Peter of Colechurch; it would, however, greatly suffer by comparison with the labours of the Brethren of the Bridge. From this period up to the present, the art of bridge-making has continually progressed; and most of the rivers of the continent are now spanned by arches with which the labours of former ages will bear no comparison, either as it respects the boldness and grandeur of their design or the perfection of their detail. The art appears to have attained its perfection in the magnificent structures which have of late been erected across the Thames, and in the great arch of Chester. These have no parallel in the universe."

With this we must conclude; only recommending particularly, and in the strongest manner, the study of the chapter on the Principle of Least Resistance.

Mirth and Morality: a Collection of Original Tales. By Carlton Bruce. 12mo. pp. 226. London, Tegg and Son; Tegg and Co., Dublin; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and J. and S. A. Tegg, Sydney, Australia.

THERE is a naïve simplicity about these tales, which, in our opinion, justly entitles them to the rare praise of originality. They are every-day subjects, treated in the most every-day manner. There is no effort by fine writing, or high-flown sentiment, or otherwise, to raise them above the level we have assigned; and yet they take a sufficient hold of the attention and fancy, and point their moral in the quietest way possible.

Designed for the young, they may, therefore, be considered as sketches which no one can miss comprehending—not like imaginative landscapes, where effects are wrought out beyond the usual appearances of nature, or like groups of living subjects, where the foreground is made potential at the expense of all the rest in the undistinguishable distance of perspective, or the darker oblivion of shadow. From the lot (the first is a clever one of a Village Auction), the best thing we can do is to choose one entire, as

a specimen, and recommend all its companions, at this holiday time, to our juvenile friends:—

"The Childish Pursuit."

I tell you they are children still,
Just as they were before;
Though now their heads are six feet high,
Instead of two feet four.

If you should happen to know the village of Ashgrove, then you will agree with me, that nothing more is wanting to render it one of the prettiest places in England, than to root up the old hollow oak-tree on the green, that shoots up its leafless and barkless branches into the air, and to pull down the dirty cowhouse near the blacksmith's shop: but, then, the dirty cowhouse belongs to a poor worthy couple, who cannot afford to part with it; and the hollow oak-tree is the delight of all the old inhabitants of the place who knew it in the days of their youth, when its goodly boughs were covered with acorns and with oakballs. No! no! the old oak must not be rooted up, and the dirty cowhouse must not be pulled down, for the aged and the poor have a claim on our regard, and I pity him who would trespass on their peace. It was one of the hottest days in August. The sun blazed in the heavens, while the few clouds which were in the sky appeared to be hung there to prevent his scorching rays from smiting the earth too intensely. I was standing at the grocer's door, at the corner of the village, when a breeze sprung up which was delightfully refreshing. Suddenly, half-a-dozen lads, of different ages, burst out together from a yard in which they had been playing, and, shouting as loudly as they could, ran along, pell mell, one after the other, towards the village green. Sometimes they ran on one side of the lane, and sometimes on the other, and every now and then threw up their hats and caps into the air, hallooing, hooting, and screaming, as though they were half wild. I could not conceive what was the cause of so much commotion; their very hearts and souls were set upon something, but what it was I could not tell. My curiosity, however, was excited, and I followed them in the direction of the green. On they ran, close by the side of the pond, then they passed the sign-post, and had nearly got to the ash-tree, when down came Bob Turner, and over him rolled Dick Brown. Bill Careless, Tom Stokes, Harry Stevens, and Jack Jones, however, still kept running, hallooing, and flinging up their caps. Bob Turner and Dick Brown were soon on their legs again, and after their companions. 'I wonder what's up now,' said Betty Parker, the errand woman, as I passed her. 'I'm thinking them lads be crazy,' said the old hostler of the Wheatsheaf, as he stood at the stable door with a bridle in his hand, which he had been cleaning. But, as neither Betty Parker nor the hostler seemed to know more about the matter than myself, I still followed the throng of madcaps across the green. Sometimes the lads were all together, and sometimes straggling in a long line, one after the other; then they would suddenly stop and stare up at the sky, as though they saw something in the clouds; but though I looked with all my eyes, yet I could see nothing. They ran so near the sawpit, that I thought every one of them would have tumbled in; but, no! they passed the sawpit, and came to the pieces of timber which had lain on the green ever since the fall of stockwood last year. What a yelping and confusion the young rogues made!

Bob leaped and rolled upon his back,
While Harry was more limber;
But Dick, and Bill, and Tom, and Jack,
All ardent in the chase, alack!
Fell o'er a log of timber.

Before I could come up to them, they were once more scampering along as wild as before, till, at last, Harry Stevens caught hold of what they had been pursuing. Had life and death been the stake, they could not have manifested more ardour in the chase, and I felt very curious to know what was the invaluable prize which they had obtained. Judge my surprise, when I found that the calling, and bawling, the routing, and shouting, the rumbling, and tumbling, was all after a feather! nothing in the world but a feather! The wind had blown it up and down, here and there, on one side and on the other side, until the happy moment when Harry Stevens was fortunate enough to get it into his possession, and, for a few seconds, he was as proud as a general after obtaining a victory. As I turned my steps and walked towards the church, old Ephraim Jenkinson was standing at his door, leaning on his stick. Ephraim, it seemed, had not only been watching the lads, but also observing me too, though in my hurry I had not seen him before. 'A pretty wild-goose chase those lads have had,' said he; 'and what has it all been about? why they have made as much noise and confusion as though a mad dog had passed through the village, and have been as keenly set after something as though it was to make their fortunes; what has the hubbub been about?' 'Why, Ephraim,' I replied, 'to tell you the truth, I am almost ashamed to say what it was. Concluding, myself, that it must be something very wonderful, I followed the young rioters, and after all it turned out to be nothing more than a feather!' 'A feather!' cried Ephraim, laughing; 'Ah! ah! ah! well, I have run after many a one, too, in my time, and almost all my neighbours appear to be doing the same thing now.' 'What do you mean by that, Ephraim?' said I. 'What do I mean?' replied he, 'why, I mean that every man at his best estate is altogether vanity, and that nine out of every ten men in the world are running after things as light, and of as little real value to them, as the feather which has just made such a commotion among the young urchins yonder. For more than threescore years and ten have I been a pilgrim and a sojourner in the land; and the longer I live in it, the more plainly do I see that mankind are altogether lighter than vanity.' Look at our squire! he has his horses, and his dogs, and when you see him turn out on a morning, dressed in his red coat, surrounded by his friends and servants, by his huntsmen, his whipper-in, and his pack of hounds, why you might think he was about to carry the whole world before him. What a hallooing of the men! a dancing and prancing of the horses! a yelping and barking of the dogs! away they set off across the country like mad, tearing up the ground, breaking down the hedges, and scampering along o'er hill and valley, through bog and brake, their necks liable every moment to be broken; and all for what? Why, for as very a feather as that which the lads ran after; for what will a fox, or a fox's brush, do towards helping a man on his road to heaven? For my part, I take the lads to be the wiser of the two, for they have about as much amusement as he has, and at a great deal less expense. Then, look at our rector! why he has not been inside the church for these three months, and is as eager after his tithes and his tithes, wrangling and jangling with his parishioners, as if his tithes and his tithes would save his own soul. Why, if he had gold enough to fill the parish church, what would it do for him by and by? 'When he dieth he shall carry nothing away.' He is running after a feather! The

lads in pursuing their feather might hurt their bodies a little, but he, in the course which he takes, is injuring his own soul. You know that Baxter, the miller, is as rich as a Jew, and subscribed twenty pounds towards returning the member of parliament for the county; but you know also that he is a hard-hearted man, and an oppressor of the poor, and that the only reason why he gave the money was, that his name might be printed in the newspapers, and read all over the country. He can afford to give to the rich, but not to relieve the wants of the poor. He is bidding high for popularity, he is seeking to obtain a character for public spirit, while he is neglecting his private duties. Don't you think this is running after a feather? Ay, and a light one too. Every body knows that Sam Ferrady has passed his life in scheming, but what have his schemes done for him? He has attempted to improve a hundred things, from a steam-engine to a tobacco-stopper, and many a sleepless night has he toiled through in pursuing his whims; but, like the fisherman spoken of in that old fashioned book, the Bible, he has 'toiled all night, and taken nothing.' Better for him had he joined the lads yonder, on the green, for then he might have caught a feather and kept his property, and that would be a great deal more than he has now done. But it is not the squire, and the rector, and the miller, and Sam Ferrady, alone, [only] that are running after feathers; we are all playing the same game! we are all running after the shadows of time, and leaving the substantial things of eternity! Lads will be lads, do what you will to prevent it, and for my part I love to see them in their pastimes. Let them enjoy themselves while they have youth, and health, and spirits. There is no harm in their chasing a feather till they are tired of the sport; but it is high time for us, who are so much older, to be thinking of other things. We ought to leave off our childish pursuits; but instead of that, as I said before, we are all running after the light feathers that fly about on the surface of the earth, rather than seeking the solid enjoyments of the kingdom of heaven.' I walked away from the door of old Ephraim Jenkinson, convinced that what he had said was very true: that my neighbours were pursuing vanity, and that most of us had been running after feathers all the days of our lives."

A Review of the Lives and Works of some of the most Eminent Painters; with Remarks on the Opinions and Statements of former Writers. By C. J. Nieuwenhuys. 8vo. pp. 323. London, 1834. Hooper.

ALTHOUGH on a subject which has excited the research and employed the talents of so many able authors, any very extraordinary or important novelty cannot fairly be expected, yet we think M. Nieuwenhuys fully justified in his hope that the information communicated by him in this volume will prove interesting to those persons who are conversant with the fine arts.

The volume commences with a notice of Rembrandt.

"Many years ago," observes M. Nieuwenhuys, "I was informed in Amsterdam, that among the archives preserved in that city were accounts relative to the life of the celebrated Rembrandt van Ryn, and had seen fragments which were said to have been taken from those manuscripts; but finding them too vague to be credited, I determined to see the originals myself, well knowing that nothing is more imprudent than to rely on one's dicta. I therefore

prolonged my last visit to Amsterdam, and through my connexions in that city was introduced to Messrs. C. Hagen and H. Heusken, commissioners of the *Desolate Boedelkamer*, or Court of Insolvency. These gentlemen had the kindness to shew me all the authentic accounts and registers from which I wished to gain information: judging that their contents would prove of the greatest interest to the admirers of this great painter, I obtained permission to copy them, which occupied me most agreeably for several days. De Heer F. W. Fabius, a gentleman well acquainted with ancient manuscripts and Dutch law, was of the greatest service in assisting me to take exact copies of all the documents which I shall have the pleasure of communicating to the reader."

The most curious of these records relate to the pecuniary embarrassments of Rembrandt at an advanced period of his life. Having borrowed a sum of money to assist him in the purchase of a house, he was unable to repay the loan when it became due, and his goods and chattels were sold by auction for that purpose. The inventory of them is amusing; but as it occupies no fewer than fourteen pages of the volume, it defies extract. Owing to the unfortunate state of the times—for continual foreign wars and internal factions had at that period (1656) plunged Holland into the greatest misery, the produce of the sale was hardly enough to pay the great artist's creditors.

"What a painful reflection," justly observes M. Nieuwenhuys, "does the preceding recapitulation offer upon the vicissitudes of human existence! If there be an artist who has reason to suppose that reward is withheld, which his merit may deserve, let him recollect how many have gone before him, whose efforts while living could scarcely raise them above indigence and want, but whose works now perhaps command the envy of the world! Such men felt galled at the little value placed by an uncharitable age on productions that deserved a different fate: but such was their enthusiastic love for the art, and confidence in their own powers, that, in spite of disdain and neglect, they continued to toil, in the hope of being appreciated by futurity, and to live when the greater number of their contemporaries should have passed away in silence, unregretted and forgotten. In all ages man has been the dupe of Fortune: the ancients well represented her with a bandage on her eyes; those who depend solely on her support lead an anxious life; merit and industry may strive to conciliate her, but numerous abuses, errors, or frivolities, may throw a preponderating weight in the scale of their worldly career: we may all find it necessary for a time to succumb; still, perseverance in the end will generally succeed. Let this conviction accompany all those who profess the study of the fine arts, for they are the most amenable to the ordeal of public caprice and opinion; and thus we sometimes see the greatest diversity of fortune chequering their lives, and impeding their just claims."

M. Nieuwenhuys describes several of Rembrandt's principal works. Of his most celebrated production, known by the name of "La Garde de Nuit, ou La Bourgeoisie Armée d'Amsterdam," he thus speaks:

"This painting is so remarkable for its excellence, that, even among all the master-pieces of great men, there are few that can rival this astonishing work, which is, without exaggeration, as a production of art, one of the wonders of the world, and which the Museum of Amsterdam may well be proud of possessing. We remark in this *chef-d'œuvre*, that our great

master has finished it with the utmost attention, and, inspired with emulation to produce a national picture, has employed all his faculties upon it: the whole is combined with so much judgment, that the vigorous manner in which he has guided his pencil strikes the connoisseur with admiration. Here Rembrandt shines in all his lustre; and such an example cannot fail of enlightening those artists who imagine that, in order to produce effect, or what is called *éclat*, they need only use the most gaudy colour, not understanding that the effect of a picture should be as harmonious to the practised eye as music to the refined ear. But how many are there who, professing to be musicians, play out of tune! and it is but too frequently the same with those who occupy themselves with painting; for all the arts and sciences have some affinity to each other, and therefore the Muses are represented as inseparable."

M. Nieuwenhuys proceeds to treat of Correggio; and, among other things, relates the history of "La Vierge au Panier," and "Christ in the Garden of Olives," from the time at which they were taken from the royal collection at Madrid, until they were placed, the former in the National Gallery of London, the latter in Apsley House. A description follows of a part of the collection of pictures belonging to M. Nieuwenhuys, which was sold by auction in London in May 1833; and the author avails himself of the opportunity to touch upon the distinctive merits, and to mention the finest performances of nearly fifty eminent painters, principally of the Flemish and Dutch schools. For much valuable matter contained in these disquisitions, we must refer the artist and the connoisseur to the volume itself; but the following account of the sale at Antwerp, in 1818, of Rubens's celebrated "Chapeau de Paille" will be generally interesting:

"At the time M. Nieuwenhuys [the author's father] made the purchase of the last-mentioned picture [the portrait of Helena Forment], he would have taken the 'Chapeau de Paille' at 50,000 francs, the price demanded; but one of the heirs, M. H. J. Stiers d'Aertselaar, wishing to keep this painting in the country, was allowed to have the refusal of it in case any one should come forward to make an offer to that amount: it thus, through M. Nieuwenhuys' offer, fell into M. Stiers d'Aertselaar's hands. This gentleman being, however, advanced in years, did not long enjoy the possession of it, as he died in 1822. In this year his successors announced in the European journals, that the 'Chapeau de Paille' would be sold, with the rest of his collection, by public auction. The sale was fixed for the 29th of July, and was to take place at the house of the deceased, Rue de Vénus, s^{on} 1^{re} No. 753. The anecdotes which Pliny relates, as shewing the high veneration the ancients had for the art, cannot offer a brighter example of enthusiasm than that which the moderns have shewn in the case of this beautiful painting. As the day of sale approached, strangers from all parts arrived to be present; the distinguished amateurs of several foreign countries were seen collected together. Never was such interest known to be before created for a single picture. The inns at Antwerp were so full, that many persons had the greatest difficulty to obtain lodgings; and when the time of the sale approached, I was astonished to see the multitude of people that crowded towards the Rue de Vénus; for it appeared as if they had been led more by the attraction of a feast than that of a public auction; thus, on so interest-

ing an event, no other business or pleasure was by many persons attended to. Happy were they who had taken the precaution of being in the sale-room at an early hour, for it was impossible at last, from the pressure of the crowd, to get near the house, still less be present, when the *chef-d'œuvre* was to be put up. Every one was in silent attention during the beginning of the sale, and when, at length, the 'Chapeau de Paille' was brought forward, the silence which had reigned was broken by the applause and bravos unanimously given to this memorial of Rubens. It was more than an hour before the sale was allowed to proceed; the biddings then commenced, and it was finally knocked down to the name of M. L. J. Nieuwenhuys for the sum of 35,970 florins, which, including the auction duty, is about 3,000*l*. Although I mention the name of Nieuwenhuys (for, on an occasion like this, it was certainly an honour to become even the ostensible owner of that which had caused so much noise in the world), still it is in justice proper to state, that Mr. R. Foster and Mr. J. Smith had equal shares with M. Nieuwenhuys in the purchase."

This extraordinary picture, it is well known, is at present in the collection of Sir Robert Peel.

We are surprised that, in speaking of Greuze, M. Nieuwenhuys has said nothing of a work which has always appeared to us to be his master-piece,—we mean *La Malediction Paternelle*. In addition to its high qualities in other respects, there is a sublimity of expression in that admirable performance, which art has seldom equalled, and perhaps never surpassed.

Fisher's Views in India. Monthly Series. Parts I. and II. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. With Historical and Descriptive Illustrations by Emma Roberts. London, 1834. Fisher, Son, and Co. This will form a most valuable and delightful work when completed, fit for the handsomest library, and yet, from its singular cheapness and periodical publication, within the reach of most purchasers. Of the views themselves we have before spoken,—we have to praise the admirable manner in which they have been illustrated by Miss Roberts. Many travellers have recorded their foreign experiences, but few have been well qualified for the task in the first instance. Miss Roberts took with her a highly cultivated mind, and the habit of writing. The result has been, that we owe to her pen some of the most graphic descriptions that we possess of Indian manners and scenery. It requires a peculiar talent to transfer our own impressions of what we witness to others; this talent she possesses in an eminent degree. We give one or two miscellaneous extracts, intending more fully to notice the work as it proceeds. The authoress says, speaking of the animals kept sacred in Benares,—

"There are also Brahmanee ducks, and Brahmanee lizards: why the latter have attained their sanctity I never heard, but there is an interesting legend attached to the feathered protégés. They are supposed to be the souls of human delinquents transmigrated into the bodies of these animals, and punished by an extraordinary affection for each other, which renders separation a source of the most poignant anguish. The male and female, it is said, are compelled by a mysterious power to part at sunset; they fly on the opposite sides of the river, each supposing that its mate has voluntarily abandoned the nest, and imploring the

truant to return by loud and piercing cries. The pitiable condition of these mourners has excited the compassion of the benevolent Brahmins, who have thrown the agis of their name over unfortunate beings cursed by the gods."

The following is a distinction not so well known on this side the Cape:—

"The distinguishing title of the children of the soil, 'the mild Hindoo,' so long supposed to be characteristic of all the tribes who venerate the cow, and refuse to shed the blood of animals, now that we have become more extensively acquainted with the country, is discovered to be wholly confined to the stunted, timorous race found in Bengal and a few other districts on the coast. The inhabitants of the upper and central provinces have much more of the lion than the lamb in their composition; and the Rajpoots especially, whose trade is war, make some of the finest soldiers in the world. The Bengal army, so called in consequence of the name of the presidency to which it is attached, does not recruit its ranks in the province from which it takes its appellation, but is chiefly composed of daring spirits from Oude, Pytauns of high blood, and the descendants of a race of princes, the warriors of Rajasthan."

Chinese Humane Society.—"The Canton river is frequently extremely turbulent, and, in consequence of the difficulty of the navigation, accidents are continually happening to the boats of the Indiamen. The Chinese are always on the look-out, to turn such circumstances to advantage; and when they hasten to the relief of persons in jeopardy, it is invariably with a view to make a profit by it. Before they will rescue a drowning man, they drive hard bargains with him, exacting terms according to the peril of his situation, and the power they possess to turn it to account. They do not appear to have any scruple of conscience about leaving a sufferer to his fate, should he refuse to accede to their exorbitant demands."

The next piece of intelligence may be new to some of our juvenile readers:

"Foreigners are only permitted to visit a particular quarter of the city of Canton, in which there is little to see except the curious figures which inhabit it; and the multitudinous assortment of fancy goods exposed for sale in the shops. No place in the world can be so tempting as a Chinese bazaar; and we must question the wisdom which excludes European ladies from a sight of the irresistible articles, in every ornamental shape, which it contains. The glimpses afforded by the best-stocked warehouses in London, give but a faint idea of the splendour, beauty, ingenuity, and delicacy displayed in the manufactures of this industrious race, in silk, gold, silver, ivory, tortoise-shell, wood, lacquer, and paper. Those white, thick, velvety leaves of the latter, so much in esteem for paintings, both in Europe and Asia, and which in England go under the name of rice, are made from the pith of a tree, which in India also is used for many ornamental purposes, though with less skill than by the dexterous fingers of the Chinese. Rice is employed for a very different purpose, it being moulded into a composition resembling stone, of which a great many descriptions of knock-knackery are made, a manufacture in which the Chinese, beyond any other nation, excel: their toys are the most ingenious things imaginable; and though the mechanism by which they are made to move about is exceedingly clumsy, and liable to get out of order, the imitation of men and animals is so exact, as to put to shame the dolls and horses of the most celebrated makers of London or Paris."

We shall look forward to the continuance of this work with much pleasure: it begins well, at all events.

Burke's History of the Commoners. Part VIII. THE tradition of the supposed murder at Littlecott House, when possessed by the Dayrells, has afforded materials to Sir Walter Scott for a ballad in "Rokeby," but the account of the transaction given by the great Northern Bard is essentially erroneous. Mr. Burke, from private family documents, has introduced, in the last part of his *History of the Commoners*, the following accurate detail:—

"About seven or eight miles from the mansion of an ancient and respectable family in Wiltshire, towards the close of the sixteenth century, there dwelt a midwife of great skill and practice, who one night was called up just as she had gone to rest, after having returned from exercising the duties of her profession in another quarter. As soon as she knew the cause of her being disturbed, she endeavoured to excuse herself, on account of fatigue, and wished to send an assistant whom she kept in the house. The messenger, however, being resolved to gain the principal only for his purpose, urged that he had something to ask of her, for a person of consequence, after which the deputy might do. She accordingly came down stairs and opened the door; after which she disappeared, and was absent for many hours. The deposition she made of what followed before a magistrate, and afterwards upon trial, was to the following effect:—She stated, that as soon as she had unfastened the door, and partly opened it, a hand was thrust in, which struck down the candle, and at the same instant pulled her into the road in front of her house, which was detached from the village, or any other dwelling. The person who had used these abrupt means, desired her to tie a handkerchief over her head, and not wait for a hat, as a lady of the first quality in the neighbourhood was in want of her immediate assistance. He then led to a stile at a short distance, where there was a horse saddled, and with a pillion on its back; he desired her to seat herself first, and then mounting immediately, he set off at a brisk trot. After they had travelled about three quarters of an hour she expressed great alarm, but her conductor assured her that no harm should happen to her, and that she should be well paid, but added that they had still further to go. He got off his horse several times to open gates, and they crossed many ploughed and corn-fields; for, though it was quite dark, she could discover that they had quitted the high road within two miles of her own house; she also said they crossed a river *twice*. After they had been about an hour and a half on their journey they entered a paved court or yard, as she concluded from the clattering of the horse's feet on the stones. Her guide now lifted her off the horse, and conducted her through a long dark passage, in which she only saw a glimmering of light at a distance, which was concealed or put out upon the shutting of a large gate through which they passed. As soon as they arrived at a sort of landing-place, her guide addressed her to the following effect:—'You must now suffer me to put this cap and bandage over your eyes, which will allow you to speak and breathe, but not to see; keep up your presence of mind—it will be wanted; and I again repeat, no harm will happen to you.' Then, conducting her into a chamber, he continued, 'Now you are in a room with a lady in labour,—perform your office well, and you

shall be amply rewarded; but if you attempt to remove the bandage from your eyes, take the consequences of your rashness.' Here she said that horror and dread had so benumbed her faculties, that had any assistance been wanted she was rendered incapable of giving it; but nature had effected all that was requisite, and what remained for her to do was little more than to receive a male infant, and to give it into the hands of a female, who, by her voice, she conceived to be a woman advanced in years. Her patient, she was sure, was a very young lady, but she was forbid to ask any questions, or to speak a word. As soon as the event was completely over, she had a glass of wine given her, and was told to prepare to return home by another road, which was not quite so near, but free from gates or stiles. She begged to be allowed to repose herself for a quarter of an hour in the arm-chair whilst the horse was getting ready, pleading the extreme fatigue she had undergone the preceding day, and, under the pretence of sleeping, she made those reflections which laid the foundation of that legal inquiry which afterwards took place. She, undiscovered and unsuspected, contrived with her scissors to cut off a small bit of the curtain. This circumstance, added to others of a local nature, was supposed sufficient evidence to fix the transaction on the house pointed out, and, but for the scrutiny and cross-examination on the trial, would have given the law great scope over the lives of several persons, as it appeared improbable that fewer than five or six persons could have been concerned in a business so regularly conducted. In the course of her evidence the midwife affirmed she perceived an uncommon smell of burning, which followed them through all the avenues of the house to the court-yard, where she remounted the horse. She said that she remarked to the guide that she saw a light, and smelt a smell of burning, which he said was the work of the gardeners, who were firing the weeds and burning the moles amongst them, as they always did at that time of the year. And she stated, that at the time of parting from the guide, which was within fifty yards of her own dwelling, he made her swear to observe secrecy, at the same time putting a purse into her hand, which she afterwards found contained twenty-five guineas; and till that moment the bandage had never been removed from her eyes. The morning was then breaking; she also deposed that she counted the steps on the first and second landing-places, which agreed with those of the suspected house, and the piece of curtain was found to match one exactly in a room where the birth of the child was supposed to have taken place. With such evidence, it was expected that nothing short of a conviction of some of the parties for the murder of a new-born infant must have followed, particularly as a beautiful young lady in the family (a niece) had withdrawn herself from her acquaintance, under the plea of going to a convent at Avignon to learn French, when she had been seen more than once after her declared departure by a fruit woman looking out of a small window next to her usual apartment. In the course of the trial, however, the circumstance of the curtain was rendered suspicious by its being proved on cross-examination, that a Catholic servant had left the family in malice, a short time before, with horrid declarations of revenge on account of her having been forbidden to attend mass, which suggested a possibility of her supplying the fact of the curtain, as well as all the local description given by the midwife of the suspected mansion. The

midwife's story, though apparently plausible, was considerably weakened by her swearing positively to so many and doubtful points. First, that of her distinguishing the being carried over corn and ploughed fields, though she only knew, it being so extremely dark, that they had quitted the high road from the sound of the horse's feet. Next, her affirming, that when introduced into the chamber she was so benumbed and stupified with horror and dread, that in a case of difficulty she could have given no assistance; yet, during this state of horror and dread, she could, though blindfolded, swear positively that her patient was very young; the child a male; and the person to whom it was given advanced in years; and immediately afterwards had the presence of mind to execute the ingenious but hazardous experiment of cutting the curtain. She also said, that she remarked to the guide her seeing a light, as well as smelling the burning, yet affirmed immediately afterwards, that the bandage was not taken from her till she was within fifty yards of her own house. But an apparent contradiction, and which was supposed to have overturned her whole evidence, was her positively insisting, that in their way to the house where her assistance was wanted they crossed a ford *twice*, when it was proved that there was only *one straight* river between the two houses. Now, supposing the guide to have made a wheel round in order to deceive the midwife, and to have again crossed the river, they must still have forded it a *third* time to arrive at the suspected house. All these circumstances being pointed out, and commented on by the judge for the consideration of the jurymen, they returned a verdict of acquittal without leaving the court. Whether the suspected parties were or were not guilty of the crime of murder could only be known to themselves and the great Disposer of all things; but no judge or jury would have established a different verdict from such defective evidence. The train of calamity which succeeded the trial may give rise to melancholy reflections, and was, no doubt, considered by the multitude to have been the effect of divine visitation. In few words, the owner of Littlecott soon became involved in estate and deranged in mind, and is stated to have died a victim to despondency; and though the fate of the niece is unknown or forgotten, ruin and misery are said to have befallen the family which survived him."

This Number concludes the second volume of a work, the reading of which interests us much.

The Smaller Channel Islands.

[Ingliš.—Second notice: conclusion.]

WE promised, when we reviewed his work on that subject, the intelligence in which we infinitely prefer to his information gathered in Ireland, a few remarks on the smaller isles in the Channel, which Mr. Ingliš has so pleasantly and graphically described; and shall, in pursuance of that intent, before we close this volume, carry our readers with us on a short trip to Alderney, Berhou, Serk, and Herm—of which, we presume, they know very little at present. The Aldernese are by no means, however, unworthy of our better acquaintance—let Mr. Ingliš introduce them.

"In the other islands few are either very rich or very poor; but in Alderney, for the word 'few,' nobody may be substituted. Scarcely any one possesses more than thirty vergées of land; and the owners live almost exclusively on the produce of their soil. There is one striking difference in the character of

the inhabitants of Alderney and of the other Channel islands. The parsimony of Jersey and Guernsey is no where to be seen. Indeed, in place of parsimony, improvidence rather is a characteristic of the people. This, I should think, is to be ascribed to the effect of the smuggling trade. 'Light come, light go,' is the rule of action; and the pound that is easily earned,—easily, at least, to those who are accustomed to a sea life—is spent on any holiday afternoon. This regardlessness of expenditure certainly enters into the general character of the people; for although all are not smugglers, yet many have been, at one time or another, indirectly connected with the trade; and besides, the example of profuseness is contagious; and I learnt from undeniable authority, that nothing is so rare as to find the country people grow rich by saving, as they are wont to do in the other islands. The great occasion for spending is at weddings. As much is spent at such time in one day as would support the new married pair for a year. All relations are bidden to the feast; and when I mention that an individual lately died, leaving behind him four hundred and sixteen nephews, nieces, grand-nephews and grand-nieces, it will easily be credited that such entertainments are not given for nothing. Some of the inhabitants unite the trade of agriculture with that of fishing; but this latter branch is not very lucrative, nor, indeed, very successful. The fish chiefly caught are rock-fish, whiting, and conger-eel—considerable quantities of which are salted, and laid up for winter stock. The lobster, too, is also abundant, and forms an article of export to England. They are not unusually purchased by contract for the London market at sixpence a piece, if they are eleven inches long; and for all under that size, the half of this price is given. The mode of life in Alderney is primitive; though I should say less so than in Serk, or even than in the inland parts of Jersey and Guernsey, which may easily be accounted for from the fact of all the inhabitants being congregated in one place; by which improved habits are acquired by the influence and example of those who practise them. The absence, too, of that parsimony which is so influential in the other islands, makes the formation of superior habits easier; and it is a fact, that the 'soupe à la graisse' diet is not the favourite one in Alderney. Although, however, the business of life in Alderney is not to heap up wealth, and although profuseness is more common than parsimony, it is impossible to spend much. With the exception of the governor, nobody spends 300*l.* per annum; and among the most respectable classes, the more usual expenditure is from 100*l.* to 150*l.* per annum. Even this limited expenditure can command a great deal in Alderney.

"Berhou (says our author) is separated from Alderney by the swinge. This island is peculiarly interesting to the naturalist; for here is found the bird sometimes called the stormy petrel, and familiarly known to mariners as Mother Carey's chicken. The only other spots among the British isles where it is to be found are the Scilly Isles and the Calf of Man. It is not difficult on Berhou to take the bird with the hand; but the attempt, whether successful or not, will be made at the expense of some unpleasant sensations: for the petrel has the faculty of throwing from the bill, to a considerable distance, a quantity of fetid oily matter, more than an equivalent for the capture. It is said, I do not know with what truth, that this oil is used medicinally, and, as some say, successfully, in the cure of rheumatism."

Of Serk we shall only mention that it holds from 500 to 600 inhabitants; and for Herm one quotation will suffice.

"It abounds in wild rabbits; and besides the birds that frequent the other islands, a shot at a cormorant may sometimes be had. The rocks also abound in shell-fish; and shrimping parties from Guernsey are accordingly of constant occurrence. This, by the by, is a favourite amusement in all the islands, and is occasionally indulged in by persons of all ranks; and so various are tastes in the matter of recreation, that I have seen individuals who found as much pleasure in wading for half a day, knee-deep among rocks, to make capture of some handful of shrimps, as has ever been afforded to others in the pursuit of the deer or the fox. But Herm possesses another attraction, which, during the summer, is the frequent source of pic-nic parties from Guernsey—its shell beach. This beach, which extends from half a mile to three quarters of a mile, is one mass of shells; intermixed neither with pebbles nor sand. Dig with your hands as you may, there is still nothing but shells. Few, I believe, that the conchologist would esteem valuable are now to be found; and, indeed, few perfect shells of any size now remain. The shell beach is not of course composed of perfect shells, but of minute perfect shells, and fragments of larger shells. The minute shells are very pretty, and may be gathered in millions."

Herewith we bid adieu to these agreeable volumes, which well deserve a niche in the library shelf.

[We are glad to see a second edition announced since we wrote the foregoing.]

The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily, with an Appendix, containing an abridged Translation of Lanza's Storia Pittoria. By the Rev. G. W. D. Evans. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1835. Longman and Co.

IN a preface of great moderation, candour, and good sense, the compiler of this work throws a rapid glance over the productions of his innumerable precursors on the fertile soil of Italy; and, with some degree of reason, argues that their very multitude affords ground for a well digested summary of the intelligence they contain. Since not one of them is enough, and it is impossible to consult them all, he contends for the expediency and value of his own design, which is to embody their information in a form of unity and comprehensiveness.

Such being his avowed purpose, we shall only say that he has fulfilled it in a very acceptable manner, enlarging on features which Mr. Conder, in his "Italy" (a portion of the excellent and popular "Modern Traveller"), has passed over slightly, and bestowing much pains in his selections from the best writers among his predecessors. Eustace, Forsyth, Mathews ("Diary of an Invalid"), Simond, Hughes, Blunt, Bell, Gilly, Sismondi, and, previously, Addison, Gray, Spence ("Polynæstis"), Moore, Middleton, Brydone, &c. are all laid under contribution, and from their separate riches the wealth of Mr. Evans' mine is produced. The condition and aspects of the country, the glorious collections of art, the remains of ancient dominion and power—every topic which bears upon what it is, and what it has been—are placed in clear light, and well arranged for exhibition. Farther we need not speak, for we fear that the reasons assigned by the compiler to prove the want of a new work, viz. the multiplicity of those which had gone before, would hardly excuse us for the repetition of a long Review, in pages where

Italy has been be-toured, be-travelled, be-diarried, be-criticised, and again and again described, a hundred times. We have accompanied a majority of the authors who have supplied these materials, and it would be to impeach ourselves to fancy it requisite to reiterate our journeys. We shall accordingly content ourselves with reporting very favourably of the present performance, and mentioning that the abridgment of Lanza is an additional recommendation of great merit to the amateur and artist.

The Manuscripts of Erdély; a Romance. By George Stephens. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1835. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE are afraid our Author himself does not help the interest of his romance by the prefatory historical explanation which he finds it necessary to give, in order to enable the reader to understand it. The affairs of Hungary and Transylvania, however, at the beginning of the 17th century, are not easily to be hurt in this point of view; and so we had better say at once, that the *Manuscripts of Erdély* are infinitely more to be appreciated as a picture of actual life in a wild feudal period than as a story where you take an interest in hero or heroine. The latter is Czernice, the daughter of John of Zapola, and the former Ferraro, Secretary to the Austrian Ambassador. On the scene we have the Grand Seigneur, Solymán the Magnificent, his Envoy Abu Obeida, Cardinal Martinuzzi (he, indeed, is the principal character, though not the love hero), Regent of Hungary, Isabella the Queen Dowager, and her partisan Gräfs, &c.—Brigands, Gipsies, and all the other requisites for a stirring royal romance. Of course the gipsies play an important part—but we will not intrude on these mysteries, which we leave to amuse the general reader, as, from the novelty of their locale and other peculiarities, they are well calculated to do.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction, No. XXVIII. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Taking advantage of the present popular curiosity about Pompeii, this small brochure gives an account of that place, its ruin, and its partial resuscitation, well adapted for children, and perhaps for some of larger growth.

The Sacred Offering; a Poetical Annual, 1835. 24mo. pp. 190. (London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Liverpool, Marples.)—As *uno disce omnes*. We have truly nothing new to say of this fifth anniversary of the *Sacred Offering*. It is in a gallant silk dress, and very neatly got up. The poetry much as usual, though we think some of the subjects ill chosen—Silvio Pellico, Count Oroboli, and Maroncelli, for example, though interesting in almost any other point of view, have little connexion with sacred themes—political feelings mix ill with holy inculcations.

The Pocket Guide to Domestic Cookery, by a Lady; with Instructions for Trussing and Carving. 24mo. pp. 120. (Glasgow, M'Phun; Edinburgh, J. Pollock; London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A nice, convenient little cookery-book, and full of the most approved receipts. It is a cheap and ready guide to the economy of the kitchen and the order of the dining-table.

German for Beginners, by W. Wittich. Pp. 131. (London, J. Taylor.)—Mr. Wittich, the teacher of German in the London University, has here given us a very useful elementary instructor. His method of commencing and carrying on the study of the language seems to be well considered, and likely to be attended with successful effects.

The Georgian Era, Vols. III. and IV. (London, Vintetelli, Branson, and Co.)—Said on the title-page to be "Memoirs of the most Eminent Persons, &c. from the accession of George I. to the demise of George IV." but a miserable compilation from common sources—we might justly say common sewers—and with simply the landmarks of the unauthentic press, full of blunders, and worthy of no regard.

Facts and Fictions, &c. by the Author of "Rostang," &c. 12mo. pp. 367. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—As the *Georgian Era*, "no go!" The writer may be a clever person, and there are clever things here; but the book is not in or up to the spirit of the age.

Revealed Characteristics of God, &c., by G. B. Kidd, of Macclesfield. 8vo. pp. 407. (London, Wensley and Da-

via; Manchester, Ellery; Macclesfield, Wright.)—A series of essays which depend more on the feeling and spirit in which they are written, than on any process of ratiocination for the effect they are intended to produce on the mind of the reader. The subject is one of much nicety and difficulty; and our author is sincere in his illustrations.

Proverbs, and other Tales, by the Author of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter," &c. Pp. 473. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—The prime words "second edition" on the title-page are worth one of our best encomiums. We have only to say the volume deserves it; and the whole-length portrait of Scott's Mrs. Beatham Halliwell would be sufficient to pluralise the word "edition."

Monthly Publications.—We last week introduced a set of the no titles in this line; and shall now (as a necessary part of our panoramic picture of the literature of the time) pass a few of the elder stages in review.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. LXII.: *History*: Vol. IV. of Sir J. Macleintosh's *England*. (Longman and Co.)—This portion of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* is one which boasts the greatest names—Macintosh for England, Scott for Scotland, and Moore for Ireland. Of the present volume we need say nothing, as our judgment is already on record: the entry of King James into London, by Corbould, is the appropriate vignette.

The Family Library, XLVIII. and XLIX. (London, Murray.)—In these Mr. Gleig continues the history of British India; which, comprised in so convenient and cheap a form, highly deserves the public consideration.

The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, Nos. XXV. and XXVII. (Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell; Dublin, Curry.)—These parts fully sustain the great reputation of this Agricultural Journal for practical utility. In the latter there is an excellent paper on the "Potato," by Mr. McAdam; and, as we lately, see No. 935, made our readers acquainted with its use as a picture-cleaner, we shall now quote a few more of its valuable qualities, besides being made into starch, bread, sugar, and spirits. "The next product of the potato is a kind of cheese. The manufacture of this is carried on in Thuringia and Saxony, and it has the advantage of retaining its freshness for several years, provided it be kept in close vessels. It is prepared by boiling the potatoes, and reducing them when cold to a pulp, rejecting the skins. Sour milk is added, or else sweet curd with the whey pressed out, in the proportion of a pint to 5 lbs. of pulp. It is kneaded several times, drained in small baskets, and simply dried in the shade. In some parts of Germany potatoes are put to another use. The lower classes are accustomed to incorporate them, after being steamed and reduced to a paste, with the butter to be spread over bread. It thus goes farther where economy is studied; and, that it may longer be preserved, is often salted. It will surprise many to learn that a mode has been suggested by a French chemist for converting potatoes into a substance resembling coffee. He mixes some best olive-oil with a certain portion of dried potato-flour, and then adds a small quantity of coffee-powder. He asserts that this will produce a liquor more agreeable than coffee. Chemical ingenuity has likewise converted this most useful root into substitutes for many other articles; as chocolate, tapioca, and vermicelli. The use of potato-starch instead of arrow-root I have already mentioned; and much of it is at present sold under the name of arrow-root, and in France under that of *fécule de pomme de terre*. A chemist in Copenhagen has discovered that the flower of the plant may be used in dyeing. By this means a beautiful yellow colour may be obtained, which is solid and durable. By plunging the colour into blue, it becomes a perfect green. It has likewise been found that the juice contained in the potato will produce a grey colour of great beauty. The liquor drawn off in the process of making potato-starch will clean silks, woollens, or cottons, without damage to the texture or colour. It is also good for cleaning waistcoats. Potatoes are used with excellent effect in the boilers of steam-engines, for preventing the gathering of a calcareous incrustation on the bottom, which is gradually deposited from the water employed. The potatoes give out a glutinous substance which entangles the particles in the water, and prevents them from incrusting the iron of the boiler. A medical use of the potato has been lately suggested in a valuable French publication, namely, as a preventive of, and even a cure for, the scurvy. Roasted potatoes were administered with perfect success to sailors afflicted with the disorder, after other approved medicines had been given in vain. As roasted potatoes are the most effectual, it seems probable that the remedy depends on some of the substances contained in the black liquid which boils out of potatoes, and which is retained in raising."

Social Evils and their Remedies, No. VI.: *Line and Lot Line, or the Manchester Weavers*, by the Rev. C. B. Taylor, M.A. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A simple but effective exposition of the sufferings, vices, and crimes, but too surely connected with Trades' Unions, and the absence of religious principle. The story is a touching one, and the reasoning founded upon it truly apostolic.

Mechanics Magazine, Vol. IV. No. III., edited by J. Knight. (New York, D. K. Minor and J. E. Challa.)—We here find the mechanics of the United States in "state convention" held at Utica, bitterly condemning the employment of convict and malefactor prisoners in mechanical trades; which they declare to be an infamous competition and unjust monopoly, and resolve to vote for no members of the legislature but those who will pledge themselves to put an end to the system.

Thus, what one class of men in their philanthropy hold to be most beneficial another large class utterly condemn. The only other curious feature we need mention is the model, with a description, of an aeronautic steam-car, to be propelled through the air in any direction the balloonists may desire. The apparatus consists of two balloons, with spiral vanes and a rudder.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. AIKIN on the natural history and commercial history of cotton.—The word *cotton*, observed the lecturer, has been adopted in modern European languages from an Arabic word, meaning the same thing, and which, when put into English letters, would be pronounced *kut-tun*: in Egypt it is called *gofin*. The Spanish word *algodon* is evidently the Egypto-Arabic word, with the article *al* prefixed. The Germans, who in general avoid intercalating into their language words of foreign origin, call it *Baum-wool*, i. e. tree-wool. Mr. Aikin then laid before his numerous auditors the most important notices which are to be found in ancient classical authors, respecting the growth of cotton in India and on the coast of Arabia; and the importation of cotton fabrics of various qualities from India to Egypt by the way of the Red Sea. He likewise noticed the establishment of the culture of the cotton plant on the coasts of the Mediterranean—but, though exceedingly interesting, our space calls upon us to pass on to more modern times. Cotton wool was imported by the Genoese and Venetians into England and the Netherlands in the very beginning of the fourteenth century; but the use to which it was applied, except for candlewicks, is not known. In 1430, fustians were made, perhaps invented, in Flanders—being probably intended as an imitation of the velvets manufactured in Italy. In 1534, several ships from London and Bristol traded to the Levant, and imported, among other articles, cotton wool. It might be expected, therefore, that at this time some cotton fabrics should have been established in England; and this seems at first sight to be confirmed by a statement in Leland's *Itinerary*, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, that cottons were made at Bolton-Le-Moors in Lancashire, and in the villages about; as also by the mention in an act of parliament, passed in 1552 (Edward VI.), of Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire cottons. In this manner Mr. Aikin came down to the present period; noticing, however, as he went along, the invention of the "spinning jenny" in 1767. This engine draws several threads at once; and as it derives its principal motion from a mechanical first mover, produces them more even than had heretofore been done by hand. It was soon discovered that an improved method of carding the cotton, before it was subjected to the action of the jenny, was essential to the good performance of the machine. This was attempted with some success by Mr. Hargreaves, was very much improved on by Mr. Peel, and was brought to perfection in the carding machine of Mr. Arkwright. Egyptian cotton was introduced in 1823; it is of a long, strong, and silky staple, and has since been improved by the introduction of seeds of the Sea Islands' cotton. The demand for raw cotton in the British market has gone on progressively increasing; the following are the details of the importation of cotton wool for the last year, viz.—

Uplands and New Orleans	269,885,000lbs.
Sea Islands	3,500,000
Brazil	26,540,000
Surat and Bengal	11,570,000
West Indies	1,610,000
Egypt	1,540,000

303,645,000lbs.

On comparing the above with the importation of 1831, it appears that there is an increase in the last year in the proportion of 303 to 286: but that the quantity furnished from all the above-mentioned countries, except the United States, has diminished. In the year 1832 the whole quantity of cotton spun in Great Britain was 277,260,000lbs., of which about one-ninth, or 30,325,000lbs., was lost from dirt and waste in spinning, and the produce was 246,935,000lbs. of yarn. Of this quantity 222,596,000lbs. was spun in England, and was thus disposed of:—Exported in yarn 71,682,000lbs.; ditto in thread 1,041,000lbs.; manufactured goods 61,251,000lbs.; or about 134 millions of lbs. Besides the above, there were candlewicks and mixed goods, of which, part were exported, 12,000,000lbs.; supply of home market and stock on hand 70,941,000lbs.; sent to Scotland and Ireland 5,700,000lbs.: total 83,641,000lbs. Therefore, in whole numbers, about 62 per cent of the entire quantities of cotton manufactured in England is exported; and of this 33 per cent is in the state of yarn and thread, and 28 per cent in woven goods. According to MacCulloch, the total value of every kind of cotton goods annually manufactured in Great Britain at present may be estimated at 34,000,000*l*; from which if we deduct 7,000,000*l*. as the cost of the raw material, and 21,000,000*l*. as wages to 900,000 workmen, there will remain for the cost of superintendence, coals, materials of machinery, and profit, 6,000,000*l*. The amount of capital vested in buildings and machinery is computed at 20,000,000*l*.

The lecturer was listened to with great attention.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Return of Halley's Comet.

F. BAILY, Esq. in the chair.—Several fellows were elected. The translation of a paper by Dr. Olbers on the approaching return of Halley's comet was read. After some preliminary observations, the author proceeds to shew that a probability exists of the comet's being seen in February or March next, before its conjunction with the Sun. This probability arises chiefly from the circumstance that other comets, in particular that of 1811, have been visible at greater distances from the sun and the earth than Halley's will be in the spring of 1835. Dr. Olbers does not suppose that Halley's comet is so large that, under similar circumstances, it will be so easily seen as the splendid comet of 1811; still it is described by former observers, especially at its appearance in 1682, as having been sufficiently remarkable. Besides, it will be more strongly illuminated by the sun, in the proportion of 3 to 5, than the comet of 1811 was on the 17th August, 1812, when it was finally observed by Wisniewsky; and, which is an important consideration, the latter comet was seen in July and August 1812 with very inferior telescopes, whereas telescopes of great power may be employed in observing Halley's comet. In reasoning on the probability of its being visible in February and March next, from the splendour of its appearance in 1682, Dr. Olbers, of course, assumes that it has not since that time sustained any sensible diminution of its mass. Many astronomers believe in the gradual dissipation of the matter of comets; but we have as yet no facts to warrant this conclusion in respect of Halley's comet. In 1607, and at its last return in 1759, it appeared pale and dim, but in 1682 it shone forth with greater splendour; and the diminished appearances of 1607 and 1759 may be explained by its position at those times

between the sun and the earth, without supposing its mass to have undergone any change. It ought, however, to be stated that Halley's comet became invisible to Messier in 1759, so early as the 4th of June, when its distance from the sun was only about 1.68 and from the earth 1.42. About the beginning of next March, the comet's distance from the sun and earth will be nearly the same, and = 3.78; but, according to the received theory of light, the intensity of the light of a heavenly body not self-luminous is proportioned to $\frac{1}{R^2 D^2}$ R representing its distance from the sun, and D its distance from the earth. Hence, in the beginning of March, the intensity of the comet's light will be about thirty times less than when Messier lost sight of it; but, at that time, it was close upon the confines of the evening twilight; whereas, in March next, it will still be at a considerable height in the sky, when the twilight has entirely disappeared. There is a very remarkable fact connected with the appearance of Encke's comet, unquestionably proved by the experience of 1822 and 1833, to which Dr. Olbers thinks sufficient attention has not been given, viz. that it was visible at a far greater distance from the earth and sun before it had passed its perihelion than after. Should this turn out to be the case also with Halley's comet, the probability of seeing it in the spring of 1835 will be increased.

As an appropriate pendant to the foregoing, we had intended to give some particulars of the life of Halley, communicated at the same meeting in a paper by Professor Rigaud; but for the present we postpone them.

ASTRONOMY.

Copy of a Letter from the Secretary of the Admiralty to John Pond, Esq.

Admiralty, 10th January, 1835.

SIR, — I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you, that they are satisfied, that the intention with which the system of annual trials of chronometers and pecuniary premiums was established at the Royal Observatory, has now had its full effect, and they therefore desire you will give notice to all concerned, that at the conclusion of the approaching trial such premiums will be discontinued; but, in consequence of this decision, their lordships are pleased to permit each maker to send in four chronometers of his own construction for the said trial, which is not to commence till the 1st of March. Their lordships being, however, still very desirous of advancing to the utmost perfection a machine which is of such value to navigation as a chronometer, they will occasionally reward any important improvement either in its principle or construction, by which it may be either so simplified as to be materially reduced in cost, without being deteriorated in excellence, or by which a greater uniformity of rate can be insured with more certainty, under all varieties of position, motion, and climate. — I am, sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN BARROW.

John Pond, Esq. Astronomer Royal.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair. — A paper by Col. Jackson, of St. Petersburg, on the congelation of the Neva at that place, and the temperature of its waters when covered with ice, was partly read. We defer our analysis of this communication until it shall have been completed; and content ourselves in the mean time by stating, that the author finds, in running water, the process of congelation and thickness of the ice to be strictly proportionate to the increments of cold, and that the positive increase of the ice (naturally modified for different rivers by the rapidity of their currents) is, for the Neva, about one inch for every 25 degrees of additional cold. The greater or less quantity of snow will further modify the result. The Duke of Wellington was elected a fellow of the Society by acclamation: four other individuals were also elected. Among the donations made to the Society was a copy

of Mr. John Arrowsmith's new Atlas. In directing the attention of the meeting to this splendid gift, the chairman eulogised more especially the maps of Central Asia, North Western Africa, the Cape of Good Hope, South America, and one or two others which he had minutely examined.

COMPOSITION OF THE SUN'S RAYS, AND CAUSES OF HEAT AND COLD.*

I HAVE been induced to infer that the sun's rays are composed of positive and negative electric particles, and that positive electricity is the principle of heat and negative electricity of cold, from the following reasons: — 1stly, The positive electricity produced by the glass friction of the electric machine excites the feeling of heat and elevates the thermometer, while good conductors of electricity are good conductors of heat, and bad conductors of electricity bad conductors of heat. As no machine to produce negative electricity by the friction of resin, &c. has hitherto been constructed, consequently negative electricity, in as pure a state as the positive electricity produced by the glass, has not as yet been available to ascertain correctly what its individual properties are.

2dly, The violet rays of the sun (as refracted by the prism) have, like negative electricity, a strong affinity for oxygen, while the red rays possess a strong heating power, like the positive electricity of the electric machine.

3dly, The red rays and heat conform to the same laws in their attractions and repulsions by bodies; black surfaces attracting, and white repelling both, as appears from the experiments upon the inflection of light detailed in another part of this paper.

4thly, The inspiration of oxygen heats and stimulates the animal body, from which we may infer the cooling property of negative electricity, and the heating property of positive; the oxygen here naturally extracting the former from the body, by reason of its negative electric affinity, and thereby leaving the positive electricity behind to exert its own peculiar actions. The inspiration of nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, produces similar but less powerful effects, in consequence of the mixture of nitrogen with the oxygen impairing the activity of the latter.

5thly, While negative electricity has a strong attraction for oxygen, positive electricity has an equally strong one for the inflammable base with which oxygen may be conjoined, through which diverse affinities they effect the decomposition of water and other oxygenous compounds — oxygen, therefore, always containing a portion of negative electricity united with it, and inflammable matter similarly a portion of positive electricity. Hence is explainable the strong affinity subsisting between oxygen and inflammable bodies, through which combustion and oxidation are produced.

6thly, Water and vegetable acids, which contain a greater proportion of oxygen than of inflammable matter, are cooling drinks, while spirituous liquors, which contain a greater proportion of inflammable matter than of oxygen, are heating drinks: the former containing an excess of negative electricity, or cooling matter, and the latter of positive electricity, or heating matter, as previously illustrated; and hence the opposite effects which they produce.

7thly, Cold water is found to be negatively electric, and its hot vapour positively electric.

8thly, Glass, stones, water, and all bodies

* The first of a series of experiments upon the refraction and inflection of light, with prefatory views upon the composition of light; for which we are indebted to an able and, as it will be seen, a diligent practical experimenter. — Ed. L. G.

having a large proportion of oxygen in their composition, give an infinitely greater sensation of cold to the touch than resin, alcohol, and other bodies having a large proportion of inflammable matter: the negative electricity, superabounding in the former, attracting the positive electricity exciting the sensation of heat; and the positive electricity, superabounding in the latter, repelling it; thereby giving rise to the distinctive appellations of cold and of hot bodies, according to the sensation which a touch of them conveys to the hand.

9thly, The polar cold exerts a similar bleaching influence upon the fur of animals which water and vegetable acids exert upon linen and other fabrics of the loom.

10thly, When the earth is over-heated it attracts cold air, and when over-cold it attracts hot air; so that if attraction and repulsion throughout nature be attributable to the two opposite electricities, the earth and winds must, consequently, be in opposite electric states, in order to admit of the above attraction.

11thly, The odours of camphor, musk, &c., have been found by Dr. Stark to conform to the laws of heat in their attractions and repulsions, black bodies having the greatest power of imbibing both, and white bodies the least; so that the above substances, being constituted principally of inflammable matter, being heating and stimulating when applied either externally or internally, and having their odours increased by heat and diminished by cold, we may conclude that positive electricity is the active principle of both their odoriferous and heating powers.

12thly, When pieces of phosphorus are attached to the extremities of the positive and negative wires, with a lighted candle placed between, the flame is repelled by the positive wire and attracted by the negative, through which the ignition of the phosphorus attached to the latter is effected; shewing thus, that the hot flame is in a positive state to enable it to be repelled by the positive and attracted by the negative wire.

I made an experiment to ascertain whether or not the two electricities possessed the properties above imputed to them, by inserting the ends of the positive and negative wires into separate fluids insulated by glass; but no perceptible change of temperature resulted. As, however, electric matter is known to produce powerful heat, some obstacle may have intervened to mar the experiment. If the above reverse effects of heat and cold be produced only by the particles of the two electricities when in motion, and this motion in either be dependent upon the attraction of an opposite electric matter — hence, if motion be indispensable to produce the above results, no marked change of temperature would arise unless the above motion was for some time sustained. The attractions of the two electricities for bodies being the reverse of each other, it is not unreasonable to infer that in their separate states some bodies which conduct the one may be incapable of conducting the other, through which an experiment made to ascertain their distinctive qualities might be defeated, — a conclusion strengthened by my having received many smart shocks through the silk covering of the negative wire, without ever experiencing the slightest twinge through that of the positive. The grand obstacle, however, to successful results in experiments of the above nature will be the unavoidable mingling, in a greater or less degree, of the two electricities, in whatever way we produce them, in consequence of their strong affinity

for each other; whereby their individual properties will be impaired through their more or less neutralising each other. This I look upon as the most feasible explanation of the greater attractive and repulsive powers of the electricity produced from the electric machine than from the galvanic trough; the positive electricity being extricated in a purer state from the former, in consequence of the glass cylinder attracting the positive and repelling the negative electricity. The heating property of the positive electricity of the electric machine is well known; and in order to ascertain what is the distinctive property of negative electricity, it must be produced by a similar process to the other, substituting a resin or sulphur cylinder for the glass one, and receiving the electric matter in a jar having a coating of resin a little way above the tinfoil lining, in order to prevent the positive electricity attached to the surface of the glass from mingling with the negative electricity occupying the surface of the tinfoil.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

THE following is the subject for the Hulsean prize dissertation for the present year:—"The resemblance between Moses and Christ is so very great and striking, that it is impossible to consider it fairly and carefully without seeing and acknowledging, that He must be foretold where He is so well described."

The subjects for the present year for the four prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the Representatives of the University, two to Bachelors and two to Undergraduates, for the encouragement of Latin prose compositions, are—For the Bachelors, "De fide historica recte estimanda;" for the Undergraduates, "Utrum recte judicaverit Cicero iniquissimum pacem justissimo bello anteferebam esse?"

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—Mr. Kempe exhibited drawings by Miss Ann Knight, of two bas-reliefs, discovered in 1832, in Chichester Cathedral, the subject Christ raising Lazarus from the dead, and the sculpture of the twelfth century. He considered them the work of Greek artists of the Byzantine school; also a drawing, by the same lady, of the Virgin and Child, from a fresco painting on the walls of the domestic chapel of the Bishops of Chichester. This specimen was of the thirteenth century, and very gracefully designed. The reading of Mr. Schomberg's dissertation, on the Origin of the Caribs, was concluded.

FINE ARTS. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Monograph of the Family of Ramphastida, or Toucans. By J. Gould, F.L.S.—Part II. At page 177 of our last year's Volume, No. 894, our readers will find some remarks on the first No. of this work, as well as upon the first three Nos. of Mr. Gould's magnificent "Birds of Europe." We then truly observed, that, in the whole course of our experience, we had seen no undertaking in this class to be compared, for accuracy of detail and splendour of general execution, with Mr. Gould's superb productions. The happy combination of science and art continues still, in the specimen before us, to entitle him to the highest praise. This Part completes the Monograph of the remarkable tribe of the Toucans; and introduces to our acquaintance several new species of these curious birds, every one of which he has personally examined in a living state.

There are eleven plates, in which seventeen admirably coloured specimens appear as natural as life itself—the Ramphastos, with its immense bill and square tail, and the Aricari, with its less disproportioned mandibles and graduated tail. To inspect these the author has taken

great pains, and travelled both to France and Germany to visit the collections where they exist. From this his fidelity proceeds. Among the others we shall merely mention the *Lettered Aricari* (the fittest for notice in a *Literary Gazette*), which is so called from the marks on the edges of its mandibles resembling Hebrew characters. And it is worthy of remark, that several flowers, shells, and insects, possess a similar distinction—such are the analogies in the different kingdoms of Nature. We have ourselves a shell which is almost readable Hebrew; and of most sacred characters too!

At the conclusion Mr. Gould has defined the anatomical structure of the Toucan with a plate. Though so strongly formed and with a heavy straight-forward flight, this bird of most beautiful plumage is full of light and graceful motion in its native woods, chiefly in South America, on the Amazon and in Brazil, in Guiana, Cayenne, and Demerara. It is omnivorous, as an animal with such a mouth ought to be; and sometimes regurgitates portions of its food—thus resembling ruminating quadrupeds. Again we recommend the work, and its most admirable illustration, to the lovers of natural history.

The Complete Angler, by Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Part VI. Pickering.

PLATES from the tasteful designs of the lamented Stothard continue to be the ornaments of this beautiful re-publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY. VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

(Third Series.)

Körner's Grave.—Anon.

WHERE is my soldier's grave—where have you laid him?

Sculptured aisles and vaulted tombs to sleep among?

A nobler urn hath the memory made him
Of a life that was devoted unto war and unto song.

He is laid on the battle-field—there the youth slumbers,

Where war's mighty sacrifice is offered unto death;

There did his spirit pour its latest numbers—
"Bless me, oh my father!" sighed the hero's dying breath.

Ye, who so dearly held him, now follow me with weeping— [above]

Yonder the green hillock his lowly grave
There the oak, tall and old, its shadowy watch is keeping— [their love.]

There was the hero laid by brave men in
Well may the young and true weep above his ashes,

Honouring the forgotten one who slumbereth here;

Yet, amid the fields of death, where the red war-spear flashes,

German hearts will hold his remembrance dear.

Still let the urn of the brave one inherit
The crown that was glorious around his youthful head:

Maidens still ask his sweet songs, and his spirit
Is with us, although its mortal veil be fled.

Never, on the noble race in which he led ye, falter—

Oh, my German people! forget ye not the brave;

Vow ye to your country's cause, as if upon an altar—

Make ye an altar of my youthful hero's grave!

Although but in its youth-tide, already adorning
The early oak, with summer, hung around each graceful bough,
Stately and pleasant, amid the skies of morning,
Amid the rich and painted clouds it reared its lofty brow.

So bloomed our hero! and for the sunny hours
That lifted up his young green head so beautiful above,

There came forth all the music from the forest's deepest bowers,
And sung in his boughs like the singing of love!

There was song amid the leaves, as if Apollo had suspended

His old heroic lyre amid the thick green shade—

He the god of bard and hero:—too soon the music ended—

A storm in early summer, low the youthful oak-tree laid.

Too soon death seized my bravest,—in the first spring-tide of honour

He fell in glorious battle, a hero and a bard;

Dear was the debt which his country took upon her,—

Her praise and her remembrance is the patriot's reward.

First in the holy warfare for liberty he perished—
The path in which he led to the youthful brave belongs;

Follow ye his footsteps—so be his memory cherished,

While nightingales amid the boughs mourn for his lovely songs. L. E. L.

The Sea of Love.—Herder.

WHITHER would ye draw me, fair and faithless eyes,—

Soft as is the azure within the summer skies:
The storms of jealous anger upon my head will beat—

The fickle waves forsaking, will yield beneath my feet.

And yet they lead me onwards, while in their swimming light

I think not of my dangers when day declines in night.

Oh, false and lovely beacons! too soon they'll set, and shew

What dark and dreary caverns their sunshine hides below. L. E. L.

The Sword Song of Körner.

[This Translation is by a Young Friend.]

"Oh, sword! bound on my bosom,
What means thy lightning glance?
Wouldst thou woo me to the battle,
Where armed hosts advance? Hurrah!"

Out spoke the noble sabre,
"My master is a knight,
And well I love the soldier
That shrinks not in the fight! Hurrah!"

"My own good sword! I love thee!
And press thee to my heart;
A bride from whom no hardship
The gay bridegroom may part. Hurrah!"

The noble sword made answer,
"I am thy own, thy bride!
Oh, love! when wilt thou draw me
Delighted from thy side? Hurrah!"

"Red breaks the kindling morning,
And loud the trumpets sound!
My bride! I will caress thee
Only on battle ground."

"Oh! glad and glorious promise,
I hunger for my fame—
My bridegroom! I will win thee
A high and honoured name."
"Why ring'st thou in thy scabbard,
My gleaming iron joy?
Thou askest for the battle,
Impatient to destroy!"
"I ring within my scabbard,
I languish for the fight!
I think upon thine honour,
And pine to keep it bright!"
"Within thy narrow scabbard
My own true love be still,
Wait yet a little longer
And thou shalt have thy fill. Hurrah!"
"My love! I am worn with waiting,
I see a garden fair—
It is the field of victory,
And crimson flowers are there. Hurrah!"
"Come from thy weary prison,
Come forth my glittering bride!
Come forth my sword rejoicing—
Come, bright one, from my side. Hurrah!"
How glorious in the battle
Gleams corset, helm, and shield;
Thou thing of life and sunshine,
Art thou mine own to wield!
On, on, my noble riders!
On, on, each German knight!
Bear on each fearless bosom
The bride, beloved and bright. Hurrah!
Trust, trust her, all ye soldiers,
And let her drink her fill
Of Victory's red torrent,
From hearts that wildly thrill. Hurrah!
Kiss, kiss your steel-betrothed,
With eyes of flashing blue;
Curses upon the coward
To such a bride untrue! Hurrah!
Now breaks the glorious morning;
I wave thee high above—
I greet thee on our wedding,
Hurrah! my iron love!"

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

Letter of George Alexander Stevens* to
Paul Sandby, Esq.

MY worthy Friend,—I received yours with great pleasure; I rejoiced to think I lived so much in your esteem, that you give yourself the trouble of advising me for my interest. Be assured I will obey your advice, and will be in London about the 14th of February, or before.

As soon as I received yours and honest Ned's† letters, which was but this morning, I, like a prudent general, issued out my orders for contracting my route, and dispatched an express along the Severn banks to stop the goods at Worcester, from whence I set out for London.

You cannot imagine the oddities I have met here. The first person I met with in this town, was Bob Derry, who keeps an inn, and called on me to put something into the papers to vindicate his reputation, and write him an advertisement for selling his goods and house by auction;—but the dialogue between us will be in the *Gloicester Journal*, which I will bring up with me.

* This characteristic letter of the lecturer on heads seems to have been written on one of his excursions, above seventy years ago.—Ed. L. G.

† Edward Rooker, an engraver, and also a celebrated Harlequin.

When I came to this town, the thoroughfare from Bristol to Shrewsbury, I was pointed out as I went along the streets for the showman who had half a hundred heads. A man came to me at the inn, and asked me whether I carried my show to gentlemen's houses? and how many I would shew it to at a time? and whether I made any sixpenny seats?

As I stood at the bar of the inn, a servant came there to enquire if the man with the heads was come, and what he would take to let half-a-dozen people in, private? My landlord told me he had the captain with him just now, and he desired to know if I was the man who electrified the heads, and whether I had any body to dance a hornpipe between the acts, and if I couldn't sing a good song myself? The man at the house where I went to look at a room some strolling players had last year, on my enquiry what he would have for the use of it for one night to shew some heads, asked me if it was any thing in the poppet-show way? I told him, Yes; "That's clever, then," he replied.

"Bring me a pint of Madeira, landlord." He stared at the order, and looking in my face, he told me, that to be sure he had Madeira, but it was three-and-sixpence a bottle; and that he knew as how you show-men love to get as much liquor as you can for little money. "So, I'll kawl for a tankard of zyder master, and drink good luck to you, and be a pint on't myself."

The mayor of the town grumbled I did not wait on him, and ask him leave, as all show-men should, he said. He keeps a tin-shop. I went to the house, and bought a three-and-sixpenny dark lantern; bespoke two breast-plates, one for Alexander the Great, the other for the Cherokee Chief; made his wife a present of a ticket; was invited to dinner, and his worship told me, I was more of a gentleman than all the show-people in England.

Here is another showman in the town—wax-work figures, price twopence a piece. The man who owns them damns me and the town; for, he says, "its damned queer to think that he shews General Wolf and all his limbs, and all the bodies of several other generals and great men only for a duce a carcase, and can't grabble any cole; and such a queer cull as the nobman is (as he calls me), nails the flats for two hogs a carcase." He came to me this morning, and proposed that he and I should go partners, and travel together.

I have heard lately that Mr. Thomas Sandby is made His Royal Highnesses steward.‡ Give me leave to congratulate you and him on it; and to assure you, that if you had a moiety of reward equal to what you deserve, you would each keep stewards of your own; which that you may do, is the wish of one who takes pride in signing himself

Your affectionate friend,

G. A. STEVENS.

Gloster, Saturday.
Old New Year's day.
So you'll find the Almanack say.

To Mr. Paul Sandby, at
Mr. Rooker's, Engraver,
in Queen's Court, Queen Street,
Lincoln's Inn Fields.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

A TWO-ACT piece, called the *King's Seal*, has been produced here; and, though the story appears to be tolerably good, from want of

‡ William, Duke of Cumberland, to whom Mr. Thomas Sandby was secretary, accompanied his royal highness in all or most of his campaigns, and was by him appointed deputy ranger of Windsor Forest.

point in the dialogue it went off very languidly, and may be pronounced a failure.

VICTORIA.

HERE, and since at the Strand Theatre, we have witnessed the remarkable exploit of a Michigan Indian, who, like another *William Tell*, splits an apple to pieces, with this difference, that he uses a rifle instead of a bow,—and the apple is held between the finger and thumb of an actor, Gale, instead of being poised on a boy's head. The rifle is, of course, not charged beyond the power necessary to produce the effect; but the unerringness of the marksman is wonderful.

STRAND.

At this theatre, Mitchell's *Man-Fred* could hardly improve on repetition; but we notice it again, because it is in our opinion the true and perfect burlesque. Serious throughout, this clever performer never allows a word or look to escape, to betray to the audience the secret of his not being earnest, but only a close and humorous imitator. So few actors remember this golden rule, not to overstep the spirit of their parts, that we are always well pleased to bestow our applause upon its observance. The same remarks apply to Miss P. Horton, in this piece; which has done much towards making the public appreciate those talents we have always observed and encouraged in her.

VARIETIES.

Aliases.—In the *Dublin University Calendar* the following *aliases* in the names of places occur at page 59:—Arboe *alias* Balileagh; Dysertcrete *alias* Tullyhog; Aghalurcher *alias* Lisnaskea; Killesandra *alias* Rahy, *alias* Raigh. They are all livings in the patronage of the University.

Declaration of Love.—Mary Howitt we like so much, that we wish she bore another name.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

London University Conversazione.—On Wednesday a most gratifying re-union (as our French neighbours call such meetings) was held at the London University, when Captain Maconochie, the able secretary to the Geographical Society, delivered an excellent lecture on the scientific expeditions which were in progress under the auspices of the Society; and also ran over the history of the interesting undertakings of the same description within the last few years. Nothing could exceed the attention with which this instructive statement, coupled with Capt. M.'s own illustrative remarks, was received; but as our pages have contained the matter heretofore in various forms, we shall not now follow even the intelligent lecturer in his clear and comprehensive view.

Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione.—The third meeting of the season was appointed for Thursday evening, at the London Coffee House.

Mlle. Duchesnois.—The Paris journals announce the death of this eminent actress.

Geology.—A paragraph in the French journals, though not sufficiently explicit to admit of our full understanding of the case, appears to describe a matter of considerable geological interest,—namely, the discovery in a sand-pit, near Châteaudun, of a petrification resembling the top of a palm-tree, about 3½ feet in length, and 1½ feet in girth at the base, whence it gradually tapers to the other end—altogether resembling a club. The wood is almost as sonorous as bell-metal; and in the same pit are found petrified bones of animals, and shells belonging, it is said, both to sea and river formations.

Poetical Colouring.—Byron's palette is principally set with black and red; but in this there is something not less characteristic than in the purple and gold of Homer.—*Field's Chromatography.*

A farmer in the northern part of Scotland, some forty years ago, when turnip culture was beginning to creep into the country, sowed a head ridge for the use of the public; and put up a label with this inscription, "You are requested to steal out of this spot."—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

Fine Arts: Portraiture.—From the last Number (13) of the *Repertory of Patent Inventions*, &c. we observe that a patent has been sealed for a newly invented machine or apparatus, by means of which a perfect fac-simile of the human countenance can be immediately produced, or the exact copy of a bust or sculptured figure, or of a living or other subject, taken. Another patent, of some interest to the literary, *alias* scribbling, world, is for an improvement in steel or metallic pens; so that we may all become (a consumption devoutly to be wished) better writers.

THE ALPHABET TO MADAME VESTRIS.

THOUGH not with lace bedizened o'er,
From James's and from Howell's;
Ah! don't despise us twenty-four
Poor consonants and vowels.
Though critics may your powers discuss,
Your charms applauding men see,
Remember you from four of us
Derive your X. L. N. C. J. S.
Dec. 29, 1834.

VESTRIS'S ANSWER TO THE ALPHABET.

DEAR friends! although no more a dunce
Than many of my betters,
I'm puzzled to reply at once
To four-and-twenty letters.
Perhaps you'll think that may not be
So hard a thing to do—
For what is difficult to me
Is A. B. C. to you.

However, pray, dismiss your fears,
Nor fancy you have lost me;
Though many, many bitter tears
Our first acquaintance cost me.

Believe me, till existence ends,
Whatever ills beset you,
My oldest literary friends,
I never can forget you. J. R. P.
Dec. 29, 1834.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

English Literature.—We observe that it is proposed, and we trust it will be carried into effect, to erect and endow a Professorship of English Literature in the Universities of Vienna and Upsala; or, if professorships be already founded, so to augment them as that the annual stipend may be a suitable reward to the professor, for the attraction and utility of his lectures;—but not to reach such an amount as to excite cupidity in the attainment of the chair, or, by the opulence of the foundation, become an encouragement to idleness—honour, not emolument, being presumed the object of distinction. English professorships (observes the originator of this design, Mr. Nicholas Carlisle, the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries) are established, not only in all the universities, but also in many of the grammar-schools, throughout Germany; and this taste for English literature has recently much increased. Upsala, an archiepiscopal see, and one of the most ancient Christian establishments in Sweden, had the honour to have Everinus, by birth an Englishman, as the first bishop, who went into that country, in the year 1026, at the request of King Olaf Skotkonung, to assist in converting the natives of Old Upsala to Christianity. The similarity of the English and Swedish languages is mentioned as the motive which first brought Everinus, and afterwards several of his countrymen, into these parts as preachers of the Gospel. The ancient language of the people of Dalecarlia and their ancient mode of dress are still kept up among them. We were told that, in the northern district of this province, a dialect is spoken closely resembling English; but the same may be said of other

parts of Sweden, where the dialects, either owing to their antiquity or to their provincial character, were more intelligible, and so like to old English language, that they differed from it only as the sort of English used by Robert of Gloucester, exhibiting the transition from the Saxon to the English language, or that which Bellenden adopted in his translation of *Boethius*, differs from the English now in use. A great number of the inhabitants of the city of Trönögen, once the capital of Norway, speak the English language; and, as it is so nearly allied to their own, they learn it with ease and expedition, many words, and even whole sentences, being the same in both. The commerce of Trönögen is carried on chiefly with Ireland; and it is the Irish that the strange names of Dronthon and Drontheim, as applied to this city, are to be attributed. The language of the Finlanders has in it many words which are common to the Scots and Germans. For instance, *kirk*, a church, in all the three tongues has the same signification,—*vig*, a ridge,—*kirn*, a churn, &c. Such, then, being the knowledge of the English language and the respect entertained for it by foreign nations, let us (says the proposal) hasten to communicate to them our richest treasures; and it concludes by recommending a subscription for this desirable object.

In the Press.

Penruddock, a Tale, by the Author of "Waltburg."—Narrative of the Campaigns of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, since their return from Egypt in 1802, by Lieut-Col. C. Cadell.—A new edition of Virgil's *Bucolics*, internally translated, by P. A. Nuttall, LL.D.—An Universal Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of the World, founded on the works of Brookes and Walker, by G. Landmann, Esq., &c.—A new Work, by the Author of "Sayings and Doings," "Love and Pride," &c.—The Rustic Muse: Poems, by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant.—Pantika, or Traditions of the most Ancient Times, by W. Howitt.—The Belgic Revolution, by the Author of "Herbert Milton."—The History and Description of Fossil Fuel, the Collieries and Coal Trade of Great Britain.—The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman, a Satirical Novel.—Five Hundred Questions in Geography.—A Manual of Universal History and Chronology, for the Use of Schools, by H. H. Wilson, M.A.—The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire, and the Formation of the principal European States, by W. C. Taylor, Esq.—The Natural and Civil History of Algiers, by B. P. Lord, of the Bombay Medical Establishment.—A Practical Compendium of the Diseases of the Skin, by Dr. J. Green.—A Classified Index to Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, by E. Griffith, F.A.S.—The Epistolary Guide, or New Letter-Writer, by J. H. Brady.—Chemical Attraction, an Essay, in Five Chapters, by G. L. Hume.

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ERRATUM.—In the last stanza of "the Earth's Division," in our last, for "Ah! said the god," &c. read "A," said the god.

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